WORLD SOCCER

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World SOCCER

Lajos Baroti

Hungarian football once captivated the world, set standards for other countries to follow ... then came a slump but there are positive signs of a revival of the famous Magyars

in an exclusive interview with LESLIE VERNON

AGE IS no guarantee of wisdom, but the 62-year-old Lajos Baroti's managerial record secures a place for him in the much-mentioned history books of football. National team manager of Hungary as far back as the 1958 World Cup Finals, when he handled such players as Grosics, Bozsik and Sandor, he is once again back at the helm. He first took on this thankless task in '57, just after several of the country's finest players defected, and the bulk of the touring national youth side also disappeared on the lucrative Western horizon.

He stayed on until late 1966 and then went into club management, immediately revitalised Ujpest Dozsa, winning the Championship three years running, and laid down the foundations for further honours. A short stay in Peru as manager of the national side was followed by a rather unhappy stint at Vasas, and then this still vigorous football missionary was appointed as the head of the Hungarian coaching committee.

But as results got progressively worse (defeat at home against Wales in the European Championship, elimination from the Olympic Games), the SOS call went out, and Baroti felt it his duty to accept the challenge. Still a good-looking man, with a matinee idol appearance of Vittoria de Sicca, Lajos Baroti is a warm, kindly person with a marvellous sense of humour. In Hungary, it is a national pastime to criticise football managers, and no one can ever select a team without violent reaction from a section of the Press. The current craze is for introducing young blood into the national side, and while Baroti is progressive enough to recognise the need for change, he doesn't want to discard players in their late twenties (!) merely because they are regarded as veterans by some misguided media-men.

The public is biased towards members of their favourite teams, and as Ferencvaros is by far the most popular club in the country, the majority of the fans would like to see the Fradi players picked en bloc. To work in such an atmosphere for a marathon length of time needs iron nerves, an ability to disregard outside pressures completely, and a deep knowledge of the game, which demands respect from players, fellow-coaches, and fans alike. Naturally, Baroti's name is always on top of the invitation lists when coaching courses are organised by UEFA or FIFA, be it in Italy, Spain or South America, and his credentials are impeccable.

I spent three days with the Hungarian Under-23 party recently in Manchester, where they played England. Baroti's influence on their football was clearly identifiable, and the improvement since the depressing days of the previous season, quite startling. We talked over a cup of coffee in the residents' lounge of a Manchester hotel. Its faded, but once aristocratic elegance, oddly symbolic of the present status of Hungarian football.

Please turn over

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FRONT COVER PICTURE:
David Webb, a key figure in Queens Park Rangers' Championship bid this season.

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LAJOS BAROTI interviewed by LESLIE VERNON

Hard work lies ahead

"Lajos, we are old friends, and I have never thought that you had masochistic tendencies. Why are you doing this job?"

"Let's go back to the beginning. I was a player with Szeged in the forties, and played for Hungary. When I retired in 1948, I took up coaching, because I could not imagine a life without being actively involved with football. During my spell as national team manager, we reached the World Cup Finals each time we entered, and in '66, with the Bene-Farkas-Albert team, we were unlucky not to get into the last four.

"Since then, Hungary failed in '70 and '74 to make even the last 16! This is not boasting, these are statistical facts. Our past achievements, and the importance of this game of football in the lives of our people, compel us to work as hard as humanly possible in order to make the '78 Finals.

"The FA thought that I was the best man for the job, and listening to my heart rather than to reason, I signed a two years' contract. But whatever happens, hopefully, Argentina will be my swansong. I shall put my violin down for good in '78".

"The last time one of your teams played in Manchester was during the '66 World Cup. How much has football changed during the past decade?"

"A great deal. It is faster, much more purposeful. Results beautify mediocre performances, victories justify questionable methods. Players are expected to be more mobile, cover more ground, and be efficient in all parts of the field. People often pay lip service to the fallacious theory that 'specialists' are no longer required, that this is the age of the all-purpose footballer.

"That is nonsense. Although fixed positions are not as rigid as they used to be, every team needs defenders, creative 'playmakers' and goalscoring forwards. Ten years ago, we had more attacking players in our teams. Today's pattern is fluid, but in general terms, we are overstocked with defensive players, in fact, everyone has defensive duties."

Salvation

"Are you modelling Hungarian football on the Dutch 'total' conception?"

"I do not believe in copying anyone. We must follow our own path to salvation. Never before in the history of the game has the gap between the standards of various countries been so narrow. There are no easy games any more, when Finland can hold Italy, and Iceland beat E. Germany. I cannot accept that Holland or W. Germany or England play 'ideal' football.

"There are basic requirements — physical strength, stamina, ball-control and highly developed tactical knowhow. Add a touch of vision, flair, enthusiasm and with luck, you have a good side. But you must be efficient, functional and practical.

"The South Americans failed in the World Cup '74 because their football wasn't direct and purposeful. Mere ball-juggling is no longer enough. I hear that Don Revie was branded with the stigma that he only appreciates 'genius' if it is bathed in sweat. Please tell him that he is quite right! It took us a long time to recognise that today, even the master-pianist has to carry that proverbial piano, otherwise the 'orchestra' might as well pack up. This is 1976, not 1936!"

England captain Greenhoff meets Balint of Hungary before the Under 23 international at Old Trafford.

Jimmy Case of Liverpool and England is thwarted by the Hungarian defence.

"No one is as zealous as the newly converted. Don't you think that you have gone too far in introducing fresh ideas?"

"Let's be truthful. Our football has been in a mess for a long time. For ten years, we were governed by the players! If they didn't feel like training, the coaches found excuses for them. While we were fiddling around, others were working hard, and we became second — some might say third-raters. It was common sense that something pretty drastic had to be done. The FA were reorganised, and a completely new system was quickly adopted. The training programmes and fixtures of clubs are now centrally controlled.

Selection

"I must emphasise that we only 'prescribe' the minimium amount of running and physical work that has to be done in training. We do not interfere with team selection, tactics, etc. In practical terms, just one out of eight training sessions contains the compulsory work for the entire week. We also introduced the 'English week' concept — two competitive matches per week.

"This is necessary if we are to catch up with the rest of Europe. If a British or a German pro. can play 60-70 games per season, our players must be able to do the same. After all, on club and full international level, we are competing against the Todds, Keegans and Mullers of the football world. Despite all the criticism, and the natural reluctance of the older players to work harder, our game is improving. The players are running more during the 90 minutes, they are stronger in the tackle, and they are able to mix the 'old Hungarian style' with the modern approach. Nobody can guarantee success in football — results-wise, but I am certain that, at last, we are on the right track!"

"What is your opinion concerning English football?"

"I have great respect for it. Your championship is of a very high standard, and the game is well organised and publicised. However, there is too much emphasis on speed, and the national team have been concentrating on playing the ball down the middle. How did you expect to break down the Polish, Italian or Czech defence in the middle?

Impressed

"Against us in Budapest you had three centre-forwards in the U-23 match. Here in Manchester you had two wingers. We won the first match 3-0, England won the second 3-1 — the proof of the pudding . . ."

"South American football?"

"We played in Mexico recently, and I was very impressed with their individual skill, and a new feature — teamwork. If the Argentinians, Brazilians and Central Americans, like Mexico can make their football more efficient, they will be unbeatable on their own Continent in '78.

"What is your philosophy regarding team selection?"

"I do not look upon a player's birth certificate as his passport in-or-out of the national eleven. Skilful or not? Enthusiastic or not? Lives like a sportsman should, or doesn't he? These are the questions one should ask, although our present training schedules, 'tests', and other requirements favour the younger players.

Settled

In Hungary, we have a habit of writing-off players too soon, because they have reached an age which elsewhere would be regarded as the peak of their careers. That's silly, and if I think that people like Fazekas, Kocsis, Toth, etc., can do a good job for me, they will be in the squad. In any case, by the autumn, we'll have a settled side, and I am confident that we'll qualify by beating the USSR and Greece."

"Finally, where would you most like to see changes in football?"

"In the refereeing. The officials haven't kept up with the development of the game. I find it very puzzling, even mysterious, that different people can interpret the same laws so vastly differently. Most of them do not understand the distinction between 'intent' and accident. In Hungary, we have introduced the ruling that the punishment for tactical (professional) fouling is instant dismissal. My fervent wish is that the UEFA and FIFA would follow our example."

The trials and tribul United States Soccer

ON MAY 21, 1973, I found myself standing around, with scores of others, in the entrance hall to the United States Federal Court House in Manhattan. I figured I was almost certainly the only one waiting to attend a court hearing of a case involving the United States Soccer Federation. Suddenly, a great commotion outside. An angry-looking swirl of people, some pushing forwards, some stumbling backwards, surged up the steps and somehow filtered through the swing doors. Inside the hall, the storm intensified, with guards rushing from all directions, people shouting and shoving. A wild notion came to me: soccer had finally hit the big time and here was USSF secretary Kurt Lamm being hounded by a pack of hungry journalists. Then I caught sight of the man in the centre of the crowd, a tall, heavy, grey man in a baggy suit. John Mitchell, ex-Attorney General of the United States ploughed past me on his way to face an indictment for obstruction of justice. The Watergate net was beginning to close.

A second or two later, the excitement was over and I was back to the quieter reality of American Soccer. I went into Room 129 where the Clerk was just opening proceedings with a legal joke as he surveyed the dozen or so people present: "Do we have everybody here for this soccer game we're having?" I was, as I had suspected, the only spectator.

So, for the third time in five years, USSF was the defendant in a court case. And for the third time it was about to come off second best. In 1968 USSF had backed down and recognised the pirate National Professional Soccer League. In 1972 it had agreed — out of court — to pay $30,000 to the California Clippers who had accused it of interfering with their operations. And now it was about to agree — also out of court — to pay $25,000 to promoter Bill Cox, who had also accused USSF of interfering with his running of the International Soccer League.

Knowledge

To understand USSF's vulnerability to legal action one has to know something of American jurisprudence, particularly the Anti-Trust Laws. To my knowledge, no similar laws exist in any other country, so that USSF is in a unique position. To simplify matters: the Anti-Trust Laws are intended to prevent monopolistic practices in business and to allow the supply and demand rules of the market place to operate freely. Any restrictive practice judged to be "in restraint of trade" is illegal.

In applying the Anti-Trust Laws the US courts do not look at how soccer is organised in the rest of the world, they look at how other sports are organised within the United States.

Here there is nothing — other than shortage of money — to stop anyone from starting up a new baseball or basketball or ice hockey league. It has been done repeatedly over the past 100 years.

Occasionally — very occasionally — the new league flourishes and comes to live on equal terms with the established league. Sometimes the new league lasts long enough to prove it has a nuisance value in driving up players' salaries at which point the two leagues will probably arrange a merger. Far more frequently the new league goes under — but only as a result of the give and take of natural commerce.

Monopoly

The question, then, is this: is USSF, in demanding that any pro league must affiliate with it and obey its rules (and threatening the league with world-wide ostracism if it does not) attempting to impose monopoly control on the pro sport (or is it the business?) of soccer? If the answer is yes, then USSF is bound to run up against the Anti-Trust Laws.

The trouble with the three court cases already mentioned is that no judgment was given in any of them, so that there is as yet no legal ruling on whether or not USSF is a monopoly.

But wait. We may have another opportunity to find out, for USSF has just been taken to court yet again. The newest plaintiff is the American Soccer League (the ASL, not to be confused with the NASL — the *North* American Soccer League of Pelé and Best fame).

The ASL describes itself as "America's oldest pro soccer league." It was formed in 1933, but has since then gone through so many changes in the number of clubs and owners that continuity is non-existent — quite apart from the fact that for much of its life it has been more of a semi-pro than a pro league.

It has a special agreement with USSF allowing it to operate within a limited geographical area of the north eastern United States. Within the past four years, however, the ASL has spread its clubs into the mid-west to include such cities as Cleveland and Cincinnati. This was done, apparently, with the approval of USSF, though USSF insists that it was only temporary permission that was granted, whatever that may mean.

At last year's AGM the USSF delegates passed new regulations (almost unanimously, the one dissenting vote came from the ASL delegate) laying down revised requirements for the affiliation of pro leagues.

In future there are to be two types of pro league, regional and national. A regional league must pay to USSF a one-shot fee of $12,500 for each club, plus an annual league registration fee of $1,250. For a national league, the fees are doubled: $25,000 per club plus $2,500 per year.

Up until now the ASL has been paying USSF a pittance of $25 a year, so one can quite see why they voted against the new regulations. Under these the ASL, as a regional league of nine clubs (in 1975) would owe USSF $112,500, plus $1,250.

Thicken

In late 1975, however, the plot began to thicken. USSF received requests to register players from *new* ASL clubs, clubs situated on the West Coast in places like Los Angeles, Oakland and Sacramento. USSF's response was that, as they had never heard of these new clubs, they would not register the players. They also pointed out to the ASL that by spreading to the West Coast it would become a *national* pro league and would therefore owe USSF $25,000 per club, and not $12,500.

The ASL's response was to bring a civil action against USSF, charging it with restraint of trade under the Anti-Trust Laws, because USSF was refusing to register ASL players and was also refusing to sanction international games by the new clubs. Last month the two parties met in a court room in Cleveland, and the judge issued a temporary injunction barring USSF from interfering with the ASL's operation this season.

The opposing positions are these: USSF says that the ASL did not apply

ations of the Federation...

Report from
PAUL GARDNER
World Soccer's resident man in New York

for permission to expand and that, in any case, if it does expand it must pay the new fees. The ASL says it expanded legally under previously existing regulations, and that it offered to pay the $25,000 fee for each of the six new West Coast clubs, but refused to do so for the five already existing Eastern clubs.

USSF was bound to take some sort of action against the ASL, if only because it cannot treat it any differently from Phil Woosnam's NASL. The NASL has, of course, already paid its $25,000 for each of its 20 clubs. Or has it? The ASL claims that, in the chaotic financial mess that followed the collapse of the original NASL in 1968, five NASL clubs were allowed to continue operations without paying.

But the ASL is evidently a league with ambitions. A couple of years back it hired Bob Cousy, one of the greatest names in the history of American basketball, as its Commissioner, and claimed — amid much scepticism — that it was paying him $50,000 a year. Asked why he had taken the job Cousy said: "I needed some full time employment." Possibly he was joking — and added that he had seen half a dozen soccer games in Europe. He said he would have three main duties: public relations, attracting new clubs, and, eventually, negotiating a television contract. There is no TV as yet (the NASL has no TV either) but Cousy has evidently done his work in attracting new clubs.

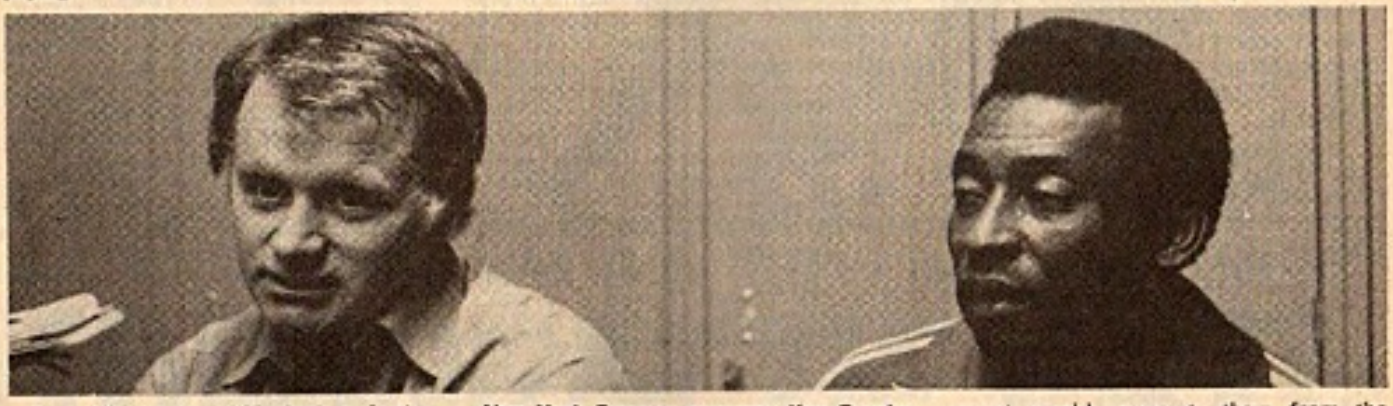
The ambitions of the ASL also extend to sponsoring tours by foreign clubs. Though when one learns that one of the clubs they want to bring in, presumably as an attraction, is Cork Hibernians, one wonders whether USSF was not doing them a favour by refusing to sanction the tour.

Nor can one be too happy about the hyperboles in the ASL press releases. The new Los Angeles Skyhawks, we are told, will be coached by Ron Newman, "a renowned international player and former coach of the NASL's Dallas Tornado." Newman, was once with Portsmouth and Leyton Orient (and not as last year's Dallas press guide had it, Latent Orient) and was never an international player, never mind a renowned one.

And when Newman signs a player straight out of college with no pro experience at all and declares he is "as fine a player as any of the foreign imports playing in the United States" — in other words as good as Pelé or Best or Marsh or Moore — then you have to suspect that there is not quite so much to the ASL as its promoters would have you believe.

Nevertheless, none of this quackery in any way affects the merits of the ASL's case against USSF. That is strictly a legal matter and, if it goes to trial, will centre on one thing: is USSF trying to operate as a monopoly and thus contravening the Anti-Trust Laws?

USSF President Gene Edwards — a rarity among USSF officials in that he is a man of strong convictions who can express them articulately — believes that USSF has a strong case and that the court would exonerate them from the "restraint of trade" charge.



New York Cosmos manager Ken Furphy with Pele.

In addition, the ASL had a further request: if it was to pay the same fees as the NASL, then it should receive the same favours as the NASL, so would USSF please produce a copy of its agreement with the NASL? USSF refused — the unmistakable element of heavy-handed obtuseness that USSF invariably brings to these matters and that invariably backfires. Now the court has ordered that the ASL can see the USSF-NASL contract.

So, for this season, the ASL will operate under court protection, and will do so without paying anything more than its traditional $25 to USSF. A state of affairs that can make neither USSF nor the NASL particularly happy.

What sort of an operation is the ASL anyway? Not much of a one, if it is to be judged (as it obviously wishes to be judged) by the standards of a major professional league. The 11 cities that house its clubs include many places not hitherto thought of as major-league sports centres: Hartford, Providence, New York, New Jersey, Chicago, Cleveland, Tacoma, Sacramento, Los Angeles, Oakland and Salt Lake City. The standard of play is mediocre.

I have my doubts about this. The tendency of American courts in such cases (and there have recently been a number of related cases involving other American sports) has been to strike down restrictive practices. If the court found against USSF then we would have the situation where USSF would be forced to allow the ASL to continue operations without having any control over them. That could hardly be to FIFA's liking and ultimately it would be a situation that would benefit no-one, not even the ASL.

Which is why the most likely result of the latest USSF court appearance is yet another out-of-court settlement, with USSF giving ground under some sort of face-saving arrangement that would allow "special privileges" to the ASL because it is "America's oldest pro league."

Such a settlement would inevitably leave the door open for another league, or any number of leagues, to force themselves onto the U.S. soccer scene the minute it looks like a money-making prospect.

Front player lack ability

Eric Batty's Soccer Commentary

ONE OF the more sensible regular contributions to the mass of words on football churned out each week by Fleet Street is Bob Oxby's "Looking at Soccer" feature in the Daily Telegraph each Tuesday, and a recent piece relating to Bolton Wanderers' chances of promotion was no exception. However, it contained a number of points which though interesting on the surface, just didn't stand up in the light of the game today if one scratched a little off the top and thought about it.

Ray Westwood, the Bolton forward star of the thirties was quoted quite frequently and, in almost everything he said, I found myself first agreeing, and then saying: "Yes, but . . ."

For example . . . "Neil Whatmore is a fine centre forward, but he is not given the ball quickly enough to surprise defences. The object of the game is to keep moving forward."

From what I've seen of Whatmore I wouldn't argue about his talent — I should mention here that I rarely go to see live games in Division II or lower in England, largely because the First Division matches I see are bad enough, and when I venture into the lower regions I'm even more bored, and left wondering why the clubs go on employing players full time who are only good enough to be part-timers at best.

But to return to Mr Westwood's point. In theory, to keep going forward sounds fine, and in fact most teams do it. This is one of the things wrong with present day English football. Thirty years ago under the WM system, a good inside forward could beat two men (going for goal) and then having freed the centre forward could make a pass to him and the spearhead could run on to through balls and simply whack them.

Defences today simply will not allow that to happen. To begin with, there are very few inside forwards capable of going by two men in a direct run towards goal, and if they do beat one man, the covering player who is always there today is apparently under orders not to let him pass whatever. The result is that a good covering defender nips in to nick the ball; the inside forward is forced to go either right or left in order to retain possession, or the man with the ball gets fouled. THOU SHALT NOT PASS is the order of the day.

Even if we had Peter Dohertys and Wilf Mannions in abundance — if only we had — the centre forwards are no longer allowed to slip unobserved into open spaces to receive telling passes. The strikers are tight marked, hacked and generally fouled so much that even without the ball, most of the time the defenders prevent strikers from even taking up good positions let alone allow them to receive the ball and shoot.

In present circumstances, to keep moving forward is just not on. You have to play the ball up to a striker who at best will be permitted only one touch before he gets clobbered from behind, and that touch has to come back towards your own goal if the move is not to break down. In the modern game, the only way to make progress is to take a long step forward, a short step back and — assuming that the strikers or people thrown forward from the back have made good runs — this can be followed by another step forward.

"Too many modern clubs play across the field instead of down it. In my time, we used the square pass only to get someone out of trouble. Everyone had to beat his man and take the quickest route to the opponents goal."

First, let me say here that in Ray Westwood's time the players were generally far more gifted than they are today and also that they were not forced to play their game at today's pace. But, having said that, I doubt if, even amongst First Division players there are more than two or three who could consistently "beat their man" as Mr Westwood suggests. The rest, which is the vast majority, are just plodders and work horses who are in trouble EVERY TIME they get the ball, and for them the square pass or even a back pass is the only way in which they can play without giving the ball away.

I would add that even in the First Division many teams do try to go straight for goal with long passes aimed at (and beyond) the strikers, who being limited in terms of skill, tight marked and battered are unable to bring the ball under control and turn to face the enemy goal. Half of them couldn't do it even if they got the ball, and the other half aren't allowed to by ruthless defenders and over lenient referees.

The very long balls hit over the heads of the back four too often are intercepted by good goalkeepers who do not play on their lines as they once did. Goalkeeping is one of the few areas in which the English game has improved in recent years and this because it is a vital part of defence which is what the game is based on today. Any team that lacks a good keeper has no chance of winning anything in the 1970s.

"People don't take on opposition defenders half as much as they should," was another of Ray Westwood's points.

Here again I come back to the lack of ability of today's players. In Westwood's time and happily for some years afterwards we had a lot of very good inside forwards and wing halves, and some who were so good that one never

FOOTB A

I don't usually work on Sunday evenings, but here I am, chased away from the living room, my son asleep in bed and I've sought refuge from 'it' in my study.

It all started so naturally. On Saturday morning, while supping my life-giving cup of tea and puffing that first invigorating cigarette, my wife asked: "Can I watch it?" In a weak moment, remembering how often she lets me watch even the most terrible games on TV I agreed. "After all," she said, "You don't get a chance like this often."

So here I am. I've put the boy to bed, and now sitting at the typewriter, I face the problem I come up against two or three times every month for WORLD SOCCER readers. "What shall I write about this time?" After sixteen years of being a regular contributor it is often a problem to find some new angle, some new idea.

This time, I'm really stumped, and I suppose, it's because I'm in a bad

ers

knew what they were going to pull the next time they got the ball. Today, even the best players *as well as those chosen to play for England* have at best a very limited vocabulary of perhaps two or three tricks. If they find from experience in any particular game that they cannot get by this opponent with their limited variety of skills they do the wise (from their viewpoint) thing and give off square balls.

Here we have two problems which are both fundamental. The present generation of players do not have the overall control of the ball their predecessors had, very largely because they didn't spend the same number of hours with a ball, just kicking about when they were youngsters.

There is a second factor, of course, that I have mentioned before in this magazine. When recruiting youngsters and paying out their £100,000 cheques, too many clubs go for tough tackling, hard working types, overlooking, ignoring and no doubt breaking the hearts of the gifted players. "Too small," or "a shade slow on the turn," are the excuses made if one challenges a manager about why he didn't sign this boy or that who demonstrated a bit of class and individuality.

To be a pro today you have to be lightning fast and strong as an ox. I even heard of one club who had a young goalkeeper hanging, suspended from a beam in the dressing room with weights tied to his legs, trying to 'stretch him' . . . because he was *a bit short for a 'keeper.*

SEE HOW THEY (The Players) RUN !!!

BALL - FORM OF ART!

mood, "It's being watched by people in more than a hundred countries," my wife said just before it started. I grunted back, "at the last count FIFA had more than 150 members, more even than the United Nations."

She wasn't very impressed so I went off and made the tea, gave my wife a quick cup because she likes it weak, and stood out in the kitchen waiting for the tea to brew before I poured my own. It's too early to go to bed, I thought to myself, pouring out the tea finally. I'll go in and lie on the settee and just ignore it.

Stretched out in comfort with my big mug of tea (my wife deliberately broke the biggest — my ex-RAF pint mug) puffing away almost oblivious. "Magnificent," murmured my wife. "Who is?" I asked innocently. "She is," said my wife.

"No, no," I argued, "Di Stefano was magnificent. No one else can be more than very good."

I feel the same way about this stupid ice-dancing and figure skating. Some clown on skates does his thing and a judge from Switzerland gives him maximum points. "What does that guy do if someone comes along later and does even better?" I ask my wife, who follows skating and ice hockey and presumably knows about these things. I've never yet had a satisfactory answer, because you cannot give 6½ points.

Personally I'd give Di Stefano 9 out of 10; Puskas 7, Pele and Matthews 6 . . . which gives you a good idea of how my mind works.

"Beautiful costumes," my wife tells me though I'm only half listening. Thinking to myself, I recall how many clubs switched to all white around 1958-59 but spoiled it by wearing green or red socks or blue hoops at the top of the socks.

Ah, now I've got it, I'll tell you about the time I visited an art exhibition. It was in Stockholm, in a building opposite the Solna Stadion where FIFA set up their press headquarters for the 1958 World Cup. FIFA had organised 'A Football and Fine Arts Competition' with cash prizes, and the exhibits were all there. I strolled across, flashed my press card and got in free, even got a programme from the lady in charge.

I could see something in one painting I recall, though it wasn't very good. It looked like an ordinary Third Division (South) ground with a game going on and a few spectators. Then there were bits of wood, bronzes, iron-works, lumps of concrete . . . all with holes in them. I wandered round for ten minutes and as I was leaving, said to the lady in charge.

"You know, football is the highest form of art."

The lady gave me a pleasant smile "I wish I had 100 Kronor for every time I've been told that in the last two weeks," she said.

SPAIN by Keir Radnedge

Muller is to be new coach of Barcelona

LUCIEN MULLER is to be the new boss of Barcelona. He takes over on June 30 from West German Hennes Weisweiler whose resignation was announced on April 2, just three days after the 1-0 home defeat by Liverpool in the UEFA Cup.

The news of Weisweiler's departure after just 11 months of a £180,000 two-year contract won't surprise WORLD SOCCER readers after my story about his feud with Johan Cruyff.

But it does add perspective to the recent events that on the same day Weisweiler quit, Cruyff told a television interviewer that he had just signed a new one-year contract with CFB and will now stay on until June 30 next year. The contract is thought to be worth about £500,000 which shows just how Cruyff rates in importance to Weisweiler and how successful he was in his fight.

The club admitted the power struggle for the first time officially in the statements put out in the wake of the Weisweiler exit.

He had "found some difficulties adapting to the Spanish mentality", said an official. More likely he found problems with the Dutch mentality! "Weisweiler is a strong believer in teamwork", the apologia went on. "It seems he has had trouble before with stars, such as his feud with Netzer when he worked in West Germany with Borussia Moenchengladbach."

Assistant coach Francisco Rodri, former Spanish international stopper, takes over in the interregnum, but it was all too clear that the power will be exercised by Cruyff, and there is no doubt either that it will be the Dutch star's iron fist working through Muller's velvet glove next term.

Muller . . . an interesting choice. He is French but, as you would guess from his German name, comes from Alsace. He was born in Bischwiller on September 3, 1934, and was thought of at first as not much more than a fair to middling inside forward. Strasbourg had him first, then let him go to Toulouse, and Reims paid very little for him in the summer of 1959.

But what a perceptive signing by that old fox Albert Batteux!

Muller could hardly have expected to be little more than a reserve. After all, Roger Piantoni was a fixture at inside left, Juste Fontaine was the spearhead, and Raymond Kopa had returned from three years in Madrid. Instead, injury ruled out Fontaine, upset Piantoni, and Muller found himself not just a regular with Reims but coming on as substitute for Piantoni in an international.

He was a regular by 1960-61 when Reims went out to Burnley in the Champions' Cup, but in that same year he caught the eye of Alfredo di Stefano in a friendly between France and Spain. And, when Luis del Sol left Madrid for Juventus in the summer of 1962, it was on di Stefano's advice that Real picked up Muller for a mere £40,000.

Contract

A ridiculous figure for one of the last foreigners to enter Spain before the ten-year blockade, for he proved well worth a much higher fee. Muller was first told of the Madrid offer as he was changing after a Reims friendly with Standard Liege, and he couldn't believe it. He talked things over with Kopa, who had his problems in Madrid, and, having weighed up the pros and cons, decided to take the chance.

He signed a three-year contract, and in each of those seasons — 1962-63, 1963-4 and 1964-5 — Madrid were champions with Muller, wearing the no 4 shirt now, a regular first-teamer. Muller soon established a well-balanced partnership with the other wing-half Ignacio Zoco. For, though Muller was the midfielder and Zoco the second centre-back, the tall Spaniard liked to go forward every now and again for a crack at goal. Muller would unobtrusively cover back so that if something went wrong Madrid were never caught out.

In 1964 he was their best player in the disappointing 3-1 Vienna defeat by Inter in the Champions' Cup Final, and he was the brains behind the league success the following year in the absence of di

The Liverpool players celebrate John Toshack's goal, in the UEFA Cup.

Action from the Barcelona — Liverpool match in Spain.

Stefano. And that was when his contract expired. Madrid, desperate to rejuvenate their squad, offered only one more year. Muller, though now 31, held out for a contract of at least two or three years.

He overestimated his value. Instead of looking for a compromise neither side would budge and when CFB stepped in with an offer of about £80,000 plus the unsettled Belgian midfielder Ferdinand Goywaerts, Madrid surprised Muller by saying Yes.

Relegated

In Barcelona Muller reverted to the no 8 shirt he had prized most at Reims. He was playing in midfield still, of course, and soon became captain. Barcelona won the Fairs Cup in 1966, at the end of his first season while Madrid, without him, won the Champions' Cup . . . But despite Muller's efforts CFB missed out on the league and in 1968, at 34, he called it a day.

Now his aspirations turned to coaching. He went back to France and had a short spell in charge at Reims, but most of his experience has been gained in Spain. In 1972 he took over Castellon, a team depending largely on youngsters on loan from Madrid. Muller took them to the Cup Final, where they lost 2-0 to Bilbao, and to a reasonably healthy place in the league. But during the close-season Madrid reallocated their players to other clubs. That was the price of success and it was a heavy one. Castellon were relegated. Muller got the sack.

Now he's with Burgos, top of the second division and looking set for a return to the top flight for only the second time in their history. Their previous excursion among their elders and, as it proved, betters lasted only two years between 1971 and 1973. But even if they were to be guaranteed promotion, nothing could keep Muller there. He's done well with his unknowns, but now he's got his big break.

Perhaps I'm being cynical. But in my view Muller's big problem will be to survive Cruyff. If he can succeed where Weisweiler and even Rinus Michels failed, then Muller can make a very big name for himself. If not . . .

Spain's Olympic team will go to Montreal. They made sure of that by holding Turkey 0-0 in Adana — though it was a costly and painful success.

"This wasn't football, this was war," said manager Ladislao Kubala afterwards, condemning the rough tactics of the Turks, who were bitterly angry at the way the Spanish defence frustrated them time and again.

Biosca, Leal, Idigoras, Solsona and Macanas — the only Madrid player on show — were all nursing an assortment of cuts and bruises afterwards. But the worst casualty was Bilbao's Dani. He came as a substitute after an hour and was carried off 20 minutes later with torn knee ligaments. The season is over for him.

Muscle

The season is also over for Atletico Madrid's Brazilian sweeper, Luis Pereira, a cruel blow for a team who had been going so well. A torn muscle is the complaint in his case and he's returned to Brazil both for the operation and the recovery.

As I write Atletico are three points behind Madrid with five games left, and their chances are visibly fading. They've been cruelly hit by injuries right at the crucial time. As well as Pereira, goalkeeper Miguel Heina, midfielder Marcelino and striker Jose Garate have also been sidelined, in addition to long-term casualties like Melo, who has missed virtually all the season, and young defender Rafael Fraguas, who suffered a terrible leg fracture.

Leivinha soldiers on bravely up front. He hit another hat-trick against Oviedo — his third goal coming from a penalty. A great relief that, Leivinha had missed both his previous spot kicks. He's clearly much happier now that the pitches are firming up again.

Equal in the overall scorers list with Leivinha on 16 goals — three behind Gijon's Quini — is Las Palmas centre forward Carlos Morete. He signed from River Plate last summer, joining the Canaries' Argentinian colony who include World Cup men Daniel Carnevali and Quique Wolf and it's his goals which are keeping Heriberto Herrera's men just outside the relegation zone.

Morete settled in quickly. He'd scored 109 goals in Argentina but in Spain at first, though the fans applauded his skill, they were a little disappointed that he wasn't finding the net regularly. Now he's changed all that, even if HH2 isn't satisfied yet. But then Heriberto has come near the sack several times this season, so he can't afford to sit back. Morete, now 24, is happy enough — particularly after the two fine goals he put past Bilbao's Jose Iribar recently.

More trouble over referees. While Europe was buzzing at Leo van der Kroft's double of disallowed goals for Borussia MG in Madrid, Spain was more concerned with an unspecified first division match back in 1972-73. In the centre of the controversy are two top referees — Mariano Medina Iglesias and Antonio Camacho Jimenez.

Medina Iglesias has alleged that Camacho accepted an offer of £900 — which he had previously refused — to bend the result of a match. Camacho, incidentally, hasn't been refereeing for

● Continued on page 13

BRIAN GLANVILLE says...

IF I were to provide UEFA with a motto, it would be either. "Don't Make Waves", or "Let Sleeping Dogs Lie". I do not intend to rehearse for you the rancid story of the Solti Case, the Lobo Affair, neatly swept under the carpet by the Disciplinary and Executive Committees until Keith Botsford and I unearthed it two years ago in the SUNDAY TIMES. Under extreme pressure UEFA, as we know, set up a two man investigating committee, Messieurs Georges and Schmidlin, whose brief was so narrow and whose resources were so minuscule that there was little they could do to crack the case. Eventually the arch corrupter Dezso Solti was named persona non grata, but the big fish behind him still swim free; though not indefinitely, if Botsford and I have our way.

UEFA must set up police force

Since then, despite the alleged (and strongly corroborated) attempt by the Italians to bribe the Poles in the 1974 World Cup at Stuttgart, the focus of attention has passed from Italy to... West Germany and Spain. When Bayern beat Leeds United in the European Cup Final in Paris last year, the refereeing of M. Kitabdjian of France was so inept that UEFA's observers awarded him only two marks out of a possible twenty.

This season, when Bayern beat Malmo 2-0 in their second round, second leg European Cup match in Munich the Bulgarian referee, Stanev, awarded them two violently controversial goals; and was reported to UEFA by Malmo, who also insisted that he had been offered exaggerated "presents".

Of these goals, one was a most contentious penalty. The other was so far offside that one attacker, in an offside position, is said to have passed *forward* to another! Then in the quarter-finals came the Real Madrid v Borussia Munchengladbach match when the Dutch referee disallowed two goals which looked perfectly good not only to Bayern, who scored them, but to many Spanish observers. Indeed, I received an irate phone call about them from a colleague in Barcelona, the very next day.

Pioneers

Since then, there has also been a phone call from *Die Welt* in Hamburg, wanting to see the articles Keith Botsford and I wrote about corruption. I told him I thought that Bayern and Real Madrid deserved each other.

Yes, gentlemen; Real Madrid. When Botsford and I began our exposure of Italian corruption, a recurring theme among outraged Italians was... what about Real Madrid? Whatever Inter had been up to, whatever Juventus may or may not have done, Real Madrid, they insisted, had been the pioneers. They trotted out stories of referees who, they claimed, had been offered huge "expenses" at half-time in European Cup games and, when they refused them, had been dustily dealt with, packed off unceremoniously to the airport.

I believe our own referee Jim Finney — one of extreme probity, like his fellows, thanks be — was once surprised at the extent of the expenses offered him by Real. In a somewhat different context, I recall the alarming tale of Reg Leafe, who refereed a game which saw Real eliminated, was hustled and threatened by the furious Real players, Del Sol among them, and was saved by Bob Ferrier, that gifted journalist, who bundled him into a car.

At the time of writing, the news is that the UEFA Referees' Commission has deferred its investigation. What a surprise. UEFA is like any organisation of its international kind; it breeds bureaucrats and bureaucrats like a quiet life. A nice, comfortable life it is with UEFA, too; high salaries, pleasant living in Berne, lots of travel on liberal expenses. Why rock the boat?

I have said before, and I shall now say again, that what UEFA needs — no, what the European game needs, what you and I need, what all men of goodwill concerned with European football need — is an investigating arm with muscle. It is no good taking a Swiss lawyer and a French businessman with their own careers to pursue, no experience of such detective activities, and only a sporadic possibility of even seeing one another, and expecting them to get anything done. Nor can it be hoped (if UEFA does, which I doubt) that a couple of crusading journalists will turn up every time and do their work for them, even if it means putting them to shame in the process.

Botsford and I might just as well have saved our time and energy for all the good our labours seem to have done for the game at large. Referees are still giving the strangest decisions. Lavish presents—let us preserve the euphemism — continue to be offered. Since the only man who has gone down is the ageing villain Solti, with Juventus standing on the sidelines protesting holy innocence, what disincentive is there for the unscrupulous club to eschew corruption?

I am not suggesting that UEFA at once institute its own police department. What it needs is an official or two whose chief job is the rooting out and punishment of corruption. He should be allowed to co-opt, not lawyers or businessmen, who shuffle papers and occasionally interview an evasive suspect, but private detectives, skilled investigators, yes, even journalists, who would dig into any murky cases.

Knowledge

Not always would they be able to come up with solid proof. Botsford and I know how hard it is, Heaven knows. The crooked clubs try to cover their tracks well. But the very existence of such an agency might be something of a deterrent. The knowledge that it is there, ideally under the aegis of an official with a background of successful police work, might give pause to those who now act with a loathesome aplomb and arrogance; in some cases achieving jobs in the highest counsels of their own national associations.

There are, of course, other measures which could and should be taken to avoid the corruption of referees. One of the simplest, put forward in the past but never implemented, is that of naming three officials for each game, but selecting the actual referee, as opposed to the two linesmen, only in the dressing-room before the match. Needless to say that would not stop a club so bent on larceny as to try to bribe all three; but I think you will agree that this would not only be three times as expensive but also three times less likely. Much stricter supervision of referees after they have been appointed to a tie, and especially after they arrive in the city where they are to officiate, would also be desirable.

Disgraceful

As it is, corruption proliferates. I have absolutely no evidence to suggest that Kitabdjian's inept performance in the Bayern versus Leeds European Final last year was in anything but the best of good faith, yet for a referee chosen on the basis of his previous merits to gain a mere two points out of a maximum 20 was surely astonishing; perhaps as astonishing as the refereeing of the equally well considered Michas in that disgraceful Milan-Leeds Final of the Cup Winners Cup three years ago in Salonika. The logical sequel would have been an investigation; if only to clear M. Kitabdjian from any lingering, unfair suspicion; but as we know, there was none. Don't make waves. Don't rock the boat. Or, to quote the great Sicilian writer, Giovanni Verga, one hand — just possibly — washes the other. UEFA is full of prolix politics.

And European football, alas, seems to be increasingly full of inexplicable refereeing, suspected corruption. If UEFA don't act, intelligently and effectively, they may care to reflect that their Cup competitions may yet founder under the sheer weight of such suspicion.

REP TOP SCORER

● *Continued from page 11*

some time, ostensibly because he has "fitness problems".

The whole thing is now *sub judice*, but we should have a verdict soon. I gather Medina Iglesias spoke out in concern at the length of time the inquiry seemed to be taking.

So that's one more thorny problem for FA president Pablo Porta, whose reputation as a man of action has been steadily eroded by the pressure of the troubles he inherited when he took over last spring from Jose Perezpaya, the lawyer who played in the first Champions' Cup for Real Madrid.

Maybe one day soon I'll have something definite to report about Valencia. They're 11th in the table at present and still casting about for a new coach to replace Manolo Mestre, who hasn't done such a bad job considering the chaos when he took over a few months back.

Johnny Rep has been sent off again, but he's made amends with his first hat-trick in Spain and is the club's top scorer with 11 goals. Mali star Salif Keita, dogged by injury, could well leave at the end of the season to give the new manager (whoever he may be) room to introduce a foreigner of his choice.

At least that's one hopeful sign. Rep was purchased last summer by the directors without Dragan Milosevic, then the manager, ever being consulted.

Who is Valencia-bound? Rumours again link them with Rainer Bonhof, who is a little disillusioned with Borussia MG. Or perhaps Henning Jensen? For coach, the latest name to enter the guessing game is Luis Suarez, wandering at large after unhappy spells with Inter-Milan and Cagliari. Luisito would prefer to stay in Italy — don't ask me why.

If you think stupidity sometimes reigns in soccer, you'd be right. Remember Real Sociedad de San Sebastian's 3-1 home UEFA Cup defeat by Liverpool? Did you know that San Sebastian goalkeeper Luis Arconada was making his debut then? Not because of injury, but because manager Andoni Elizondo thought it a good idea.

Now, there are times when it's useful to replace a regular to give a reserve a chance. But a UEFA Cup tie with Liverpool of all teams is not one of those occasions. The experience shattered 21-year-old Arconada, a likeable young man who spends his spare time at college studying printing techniques. He was dropped straight away and has only just been granted his league debut — in a 4-0 win over Elche.

Finally, sadly ... Alfredo di Stefano is out of a job again. Sacked by second division Rayo Vallecano ...

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International Post-Mortem by Eric Batty

Czechoslovakia 2 USSR 2
Wales 1 England 2
Bulgaria 0 USSR 3
Poland 1 Argentina 2
Eire 3 Norway 0
France 2 Czechoslovakia 2
Hungary 2 Argentina 0
Scotland 1 Switzerland 0
Italy 3 Portugal 1
USSR 0 Argentina 1

Soviet Union and Czechs experiment in Kosice...

Czechoslovakia 2 USSR 2

PLAYED LESS than six weeks before their needle European Championship quarter final this was a game that both sides wanted to win for psychological purposes, but neither manager wanted to give his opposite number too much first hand knowledge.

Inevitably both sides made changes from their accepted teams, the Czechs giving first caps to the Bohemians goalkeeper Frantisek Kozinka and inside forward Jozef Sajanek of Inter-Bratislava. The Russians experimented with several non-Dynamo Kiev players, including Jevguenij Lovcev of Spartak Moscow and Victor Zvjagincev (recently transferred from Schachtjor Donek to the Kiev club) in defence; played without Vladimir Muntjan in midfield and had only two men up — Vladimir Fedorov (making his debut) in the first half and Leonid Nazarenko alongside Blokhin.

The latter was recently transferred from ASK Rostov to CSKA while Fedorov was with Pachtakhor Taschkent, relegated last season and could well find a new home in Kiev if Valerij Lobanovsky likes the look of him.

A crowd of 40,000 saw the game, played in Kosice which is the nearest big town to the Russian frontier and the Russians began full of confidence. With Oleg Blokhin scoring after 25 minutes and Vladimir Troshkin adding a second just seven minutes later it appeared that the Russians were going to massacre their opponents but the Russians tired badly, suggesting they are either not match fit or that the dual responsibility of the Dynamo Kiev players also engaged in the European Cup at that time was proving too much.

Late in the game Anton Ondrus pulled one back for the Czechs and Zdenek Nehoda levelled the scores from the penalty spot with two minutes left.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA: Kozinka; Dobiaš, Jarkovsky, Ondrus, Gegh, Knapp (Moder), Pelikan, Sajanek, Masny, Nehoda, Gallis.

RUSSIA: Rudakov; Lovchev, Zviangueniev, Reschko, Matvienko, Troschkin, Kolotov, Konkov, Veremejev, Fedorov (Nazarenko), Blokhin.

Pius Fischbach (right) of Switzerland tackles Willie Pettigrew of Scotland during the international at Hampden Park.

Wales 1 England 2

WALES' CENTENARY match at Wrexham was badly affected by injuries and club needs with the result that a Welsh team lacking their outstanding forward stars Leighton James and John Toshack were beaten more soundly than the score suggests by a very experimental England side.

Don Revie said after the match: "Now I can see a little bit of daylight."

But if that was meant to suggest that England were good he must have puzzled most people. The bright feature from Wales' viewpoint was a brave performance in goal by Brian Lloyd who did better than many bigger name 'keepers with First Division clubs and the players' all-round enthusiasm.

England never really settled into a methodical approach with seven new caps (including two second half substitutes) but it was only in the last few

Gilbert Guyot of Switzerland attempts to stop a forward run by Scotland full back Danny McGrain.

minutes that England goalkeeper Ray Clemence was really called into action.

Trevor Brooking seemed to mature, finding himself one of the most experienced players in the England side, and gave a good performance that should ensure more caps. Though both England goals came from high crosses, they were at least well measured balls, both from Brooking, rather than long hopeful punts into the area.

In a very "friendly" friendly, with the England players eager to please Revie but apparently sensing there was nothing at stake but their own futures and with Wales lacking too many of their established players to make it a real contest anyway, England gradually got control of the game in the first half but were unable to score goals.

At the start of the second half the Welshmen came out smelling blood and did well for a while but they were pegged back again as England regained control of midfield. Then 20 minutes from time England went ahead when a cross by Brooking from the right wing by-line was half cleared and Ray Kennedy pounced on the ball to thump it first time into the net.

Ten minutes later, Brooking again, this time from the left crossed for Kevin Keegan who missed the ball and Peter Taylor, after scrambling round got the second. Welsh new cap Curtis got their consolation goal in injury time.

WALES: Lloyd; Page, Jones, Yorath, Phillips, Evans, Harris, Flynn, Curtis, Roberts (J), Griffiths.

ENGLAND: Clemence; Cherry (Clement), Mills, Neal, Thompson, Doyle, Keegan, Channon (Taylor), Beyer, Brooking, Kennedy.

Bulgaria 0 USSR 3

THE RUSSIANS made further changes for the visit to Sofia, indicating that asking Dynamo Kiev to play as the national team was only a preliminary measure and Lobanovsky might well step down in the near future to concentrate on his club duties.

Though Bulgaria were easier meat than the Czechs, this was their first international since the winter break and they showed little sign of improving on their recent poor results.

In the first half, a predominantly defensive Bulgaria limited the Russians to one goal scored by Vladimir Onitchenko — a real beauty — after 11 minutes and if the Bulgarians didn't play particularly well, Russian 'keeper Alexander Prochorov of Spartak Moscow was a little fortunate not to be beaten a couple of times.

Although Russia were generally the better team, having more of the play and clearly playing the better football it wasn't until the final quarter of the game that they added to their score. After 72 minutes Alexander Minaev of Dynamo Moscow got the second — and Blokhin obtained his usual goal nine minutes later from a solo run.

Poland 1 Argentina 2

AFTER STARTING their European tour with an unofficial 1-0 win over Russia, the Argentinians inflicted on Poland their first defeat at the Slaski stadion in Chorzow for eight years.

Kazimierz Deyna had an excellent first half but Lato, Szarmach and Gorgon in particular were well below their form of the 1974 World Cup and one time national hero, manager Kazimierz Gorski, is now being assailed from all sides.

Clearly he has to build a new young team, with half the old guard keen to play in professional football in Western Europe.

After a goal-less first half Hugo Gatti of Boca Juniors gave the Poles hope when he misjudged a corner kick taken by Kazimierz Kmiecik, who scored direct.

Five minutes later Hector Scotta shot Argentina level before being substituted by Rene Houseman, who headed what proved to be the winning goal with 20 minutes left.

POLAND: Burzynski; Szymanowski, Gorgon, Zmuda, Wawrowski, Deyna, Cmikiewicz, Banek, Lato (Benigar), Szarmach, Kmiecik.

ARGENTINA: Gatti; Carrascosa, Killer, Olguin, Tarantini, Bochini, Gallego, Trabiani, Kempes, Luque, Scotta (Houseman).

● Continued on page 44

WORLD SOCCER'S SCOTTISH CORRESPONDENT

Verdict mu not good

IN THE space of eight days Scotland's worthiness in Europe was put under the soccer microscope. The findings were not the sort to have the Scottish fans singing and dancing in the streets. The results were negative for the Scots — THEY JUST WERE NOT GOOD ENOUGH!

AT INTERNATIONAL LEVEL Scotland's Under-23 side slipped out of the European Championships after drawing 2-2 on aggregate with Holland, but failing to complete the rescue job when it came to the penalty-kick decider.

AT CLUB LEVEL Celtic were beaten by unknowns Sachsenring Zwickau, of East Germany, who scored two goals out of four attempts over the two ties while Celtic could only manage one out of almost TWENTY good opportunities.

The message is loud and clear for Scotland. Forget the hard luck stories and the might-have-been tales. The fans are fed up with excuses. It's time the players accepted the responsibility that goes with their professional jobs and got on with the game, developing a killer instinct that is a notable exception in their play.

Look at the Under-23 side, for instance. They lost 2-0 to Holland in the first leg of their quarter-final tie, but within 33 minutes they had scored twice through Derek Johnstone and Colin Jackson at Easter Road to tie the aggregate score. The Dutch were baffled and bewildered — but they weren't beaten mainly because Scotland took their foot off the accelerator and allowed their opponents to come back slowly into the game.

There are some fine and gifted youngsters in this side — Tommy Craig must surely be among the best in the world when it comes to outright skills — but we should have learned our lesson from the past. Scotland cannot match the Continentals when it comes to methodical play. Certainly there are some Scots who have talents to match even the brilliant Brazilians, but this is at an individual level. When those units are put together, Scotland cannot keep it ticking over.

Scotland's game is power and sweat, guts and thunder. Put a Scottish team in an arena with an Italian side and there is just no way that they can match them for method. Scotland's way to beat organisation is to hammer at them — the way Celtic did in Lisbon when they overwhelmed Inter Milan in the European Cup Final in 1967.

Members of the Scottish international squad. Front row, left to right: Des Bremner, John Brownlie, Willie Miller, Kenny Dalglish, John Blackley. Back row, left to right: Danny McGrain, Alan Rough, Willie Ormond, Hugh Allan.

Mistakes

Only spirit such as that, a determined effort to stay alive and keep fighting will make Scotland a power at international level. When Celtic lost some of their hunger and their fight, they relinquished just about everything they had. It wasn't that long ago that they beat Leeds home and away in the European Cup semi-final to book a place in the Final against Feyenoord at the San Siro Stadium in Italy.

The Parkhead players had proved what they could do when they put their mind to it — and were willing to work for their rewards. Against Feyenoord there was no get-up-and-go about the team. They started to stroke the ball about — and, consequently, they were beaten 2-1 after extra-time. I have no doubt that had that game been replayed 24 hours later and Celtic had a chance to realise their mistakes the European Cup would have again gone to Glasgow for the second time in three years.

The Scots have made more than their fair share of mistakes in Europe over recent seasons. Celtic again reached the semi-final of the European Cup four years ago and had the bulk of the play in the two games against Inter Milan. Yet they couldn't finish the job. Even

LOOKS BACK OVER A DEPRESSING EIGHT DAYS

ıst be ... just enough!

the advantage of playing an extra 30 minutes in front of their own fans couldn't sway the game in their favour.

Celtic either didn't show the correct attitude to the game or just weren't good enough. I sincerely believe they were good enough to defeat this Inter Milan team that were so easily and arrogantly beaten by Johan Cruyff-inspired Ajax in the Final. Again, I think the Scots must have been under the impression that their first leg result (0-0) away from home was enough to take them through.

Substitute

They were wrong. When the game went to penalty-kicks they went out when Dixie Deans blasted his effort over the crossbar. Deans, though, should never have been criticised ... the game should have been won long before he came on as a second-half substitute for Kenny Dalglish at Parkhead.

The European lessons haven't been learned at Parkhead. This fact was abundantly clear to everyone who saw them play Sachsenring in the first leg of their European Cup Winners Cup-tie in Glasgow. Chances were thrown away, opportunities were squandered. It's rubbish to say Celtic faced an Iron Curtain that night. The East Germans were there for the taking, but Celtic just couldn't do it. They still haven't grown up in Europe!

The only remaining member of the team that won the European Cup — Bobby Lennox — even missed a penalty ... a lethargic effort that made goalkeeping easy for international No. 1 Jurgen Croy.

Celtic's goal that night was superbly conceived and magnificently executed. And, typically, the two men involved — Danny McGrain and Kenny Dalglish — are probably the only two players at Parkhead who may have got a game in the European Cup-winning side. McGrain won the ball on the right, surged forward and released his pass just at the right moment. Dalglish moved away from a defender, swept round and left Croy helpless with a fierce low shot.

The goal Celtic lost was typical of the sort of goals they are giving away at the moment. A ball from defence found the fleet-footed Blank in the outside-left position. Seventeen-year-old centre-half Roy Aitken committed himself in a position where he shouldn't have and he was left for dead. Blank moved inside, Johannes Edvaldsson was too late to intercept him and the East German scored with a well-struck drive that gave Peter Latchford no chance whatsoever.

Celtic were still confident of winning the second leg, but they gifted the Germans a goal in the third minute after a comedy of errors — and that was the end of their European soccer for another season. The goal was enough to give a coach recurring nightmares.

Croy was under no pressure as he cut out a corner-kick from Harry Hood on the left. In these circumstances it is obvious that a player should stand in front of the 'keeper to prevent him clearing the ball swiftly. It's a simple action, but it is effective and it gives the attacking side time to regroup themselves at the back. Celtic neglected this duty. Croy had all the time in the world to survey the scene before throwing a low ball out to the left wing.

Cardinal

Aitken again went in first time on the halfway line, leaving the defence exposed. Again he was beaten as the German turned and got away from him. Pat McCluskey, however, saved his centre-half's blushes when he stepped in to sweep the ball onto Ronnie Glavin, who committed the cardinal error of pushing the ball square across his defence without making sure there was no one around to intercept. As it was, that man Blank was positioned yet again to spring in, beat the hesitating Tommy Callaghan to the ball, beat off a challenge from Glavin and then thunder a glorious dipping, swerving drive away from Latchford into the roof of the net.

People who criticised Latchford for this goal showed their ignorance of goalkeeping techniques. Latchford was off his line for two reasons. Firstly, he had made the angle and, secondly, he was prepared to come out and meet Blank had the East German decided to carry the ball further into the penalty area. He was blameless when the German decided to let go and, as luck would have it, the ball zig-zagged through the air as he tried valiantly to push it over the top.

Latchford was in the same position about ten minutes later when Celtic were again caught square on the left-hand side of their defence. This time the Sachsenring player brought the ball in closer before hammering a shot at goal, but Latchford had read the situation properly, had anticipated the move brilliantly and got down to pull off an excellent save.

Celtic were certainly unhappy about going out of Europe — especially to a bunch of amateurs their reserve side of nine years ago could have given three goals of a start and beaten long before half-time. Chances were made — and chances were missed. Tommy Callaghan and Harry Hood both hit shots past the post in the first-half that they should have had at least on target. Roddy MacDonald, a centre-half leading the attack, put one over the bar from two yards and had a header well taken by Croy.

Interval

Dalglish sliced one past the post and, after the interval, an eight-yard blaster from Glavin — after good work by McGrain — was amazingly punched away by the diving Croy. MacDonald, following up, showed his lack of experience in a goal-scoring role and he allowed the ball to zip through his legs. Dixie Deans — at home in Glasgow — would have put that one away with his eyes closed.

Celtic were left arguing at the end about the 'goal' they scored and the Spanish referee had ruled out. Hood sent over another corner, this time MacDonald got direction behind his header and it flashed into the net. The referee — for reasons known only to himself — ruled it out. He later said MacDonald had pushed goalkeeper Croy. Having seen the incident several times, I can only hope the referee gets his spectacles repaired before too long! MacDonald was nowhere near Croy. It was a bad decision.

However, the point is that Celtic should never have been struggling to save this tie. It should have been won in the first-leg ... the game in East Germany should have been a formality. Celtic didn't reach the semi-finals because they weren't good enough. On their day Celtic can be brilliant, but their days are few and far between now.

Any Parkhead fan who does not admit this is merely deluding himself. There is plenty of room for improvement in this Celtic side.

Scotland's Under-23 side found themselves also out of Europe just a week later and, like Celtic, they can only blame themselves for lack of success. It's true they had cruel luck on occasions — Joe Jordan hit the bar twice — but they had other chances they should have tucked away. Willie Pettigrew took several thousand pounds of his transfer value with a couple of nightmare misses.

When the game went to penalties the Scottish fans should have expected the

● Continued on page 42

PRAISE FOR ST. ETIENNE

News from France by ANDRE DUCLOS

OBVIOUSLY THE highlight of our season has been the wonderful performance of Saint Etienne in the European Cup, notably their 3-0 thrashing of the favourites, Dynamo Kiev, in the return game, after extra time; despite losing their midfield hub, Larqué, with a painful leg injury. Yet there has also been, perhaps as a corollary, a wonderfully exciting League Championship. At one time it seemed that only Nice were in a position to challenge Saint Etienne, who have been steamrollering away in the French League ever since they got over the shock of the Bosquier-Carnus affair and lost a couple of titles in consequence to Marseille, early in the 1970s.

But though Saint Etienne remain far and away the best French club and indeed the only one presently capable of meeting Europe's best on level terms, they have by no means been carrying all before them in the League. Something of this must clearly have to do with the enormous efforts they've put out in Europe — that 3-0 whacking by Nantes which came hard on the heels of the 3-0 beating of Kiev, for instance. Yet I still think we can take pride in the generally healthy state of our First Division; the healthiest, surely, for some time past.

Out of the blue came Nantes and Sochaux to challenge Nice and Saint Etienne. Nantes are fairly familiar figures at the top, even though they have had their ups and downs of late. In the days of Philippe Gondet, they were themselves Champions. But Sochaux are something else again; it's a long time since we have seen them riding so very high.

Best strikers

Buying Gadocha from Poland has naturally had much to do with the success of Nantes; he scored a glorious goal against Saint Etienne, and you hardly need me to tell you that he remains one of the best strikers in the world. Bayern Munich wanted him desperately and who can blame them, but the Poles you may remember were reluctant to let him join a German club, and Nantes, with their strong Polish connections — as exemplified by the general manager Robert Budzinski — swooped. Ironically, their attack has been improved this season by the purchase of the Franco-Greek striker Triantafilos from . . . Saint Etienne. You may remember that last season he was one of the heroes of their amazing comeback in the second leg against Hajduk.

Then there is the little Argentinian international defender, Bargas, who has settled in well again in the back four after an uncertain period. The goalkeeper Betrand-Demanes has again been called up for France by the new team manager, Michel Hidalgo. Michel is in splendid form in midfield, he too was called on for France with his fellow midfielder Rampillon and the stopper, the 27 year old Rio.

Rampillon is only 23 and there are the highest hopes of him. Playing beside Michel clearly hasn't done him any harm, but in his own right he is a most talented player, with fine technique and an exceptional gift for distribution. Then there's Bossis, who was also summoned for the Czechoslovakian game, a 21 year old left-back with a flair for overlapping play. No wonder Nantes are doing so well, though it should be pointed out that Hidalgo had to make do without any Saint Etienne players for that, his first match as international manager.

Note that he did *not* call upon Jean-Marc Guillous in his original selection. Poor Guillou; what a disappointing season for the player generally reckoned to be the most talented in France. Ironic that last season, when champing at the bit with Angers, whom he couldn't save from relegation, there was no question of his losing his French international place. But this season, at Nice, injury has sabotaged him. His midfield colleague Jouve, by an irony, was one of the French party.

Military service

What of Sochaux? That talented right winger Soler was chosen for the party again, as was a newcomer in his fellow striker, 27 year old Pintenat, who takes the eye with his long hair . . . and for his heading ability, a not too common quality among our forwards. But Sochaux also have a very good goalkeeper in Albert Rust, 22 years old and largely unrecognised till this season, his only honours having come during military service when he kept goal for the Army, two years back.

In the subsequent two years, he was, as he points out, in permanent rivalry with the amiably named Battmann; they were virtually alternating in the Souchaux goal which was hardly the way to build up confidence in either of them; or among the defenders obliged to play in front of them. This season, however, Rust, as you say, made the position his own, playing a long series of games without a break. He seems to have gained both courage and confidence as a result, though he admits that he could improve on the high crosses. Meanwhile he lives with his parents near Wittelsheim, and could yet win himself a Championship medal.

The outstanding young manager, or manager of any age, remains Roby Herbin. Asked whether he would have liked to play against Dynamo Kiev he replied that it was a painful question; he had always wanted to reach the heights, had always given more of himself in European Cup matches, but unfortunately there had been something missing then in the Saint Etienne team for which he played. Becoming its manager four years ago, he set himself to fill those gaps, and he felt this had now been done. The club had the organisation it needed to succeed at a European level.

Michel Hidalgo, taking in the difficult succession of the ebullient, controversial Stefan Kovacs, spoke of the desirability of building his team round five to eight players of the same club. It was clear that he was referring ideally to Saint Etienne — a solution to which Kovacs seemed curiously hostile — but in the vent as we know it was Nantes to which he had to turn; and if Saint Etienne cannot give France their goalkeeper Curkovic and Argentinian stopper Osvaldo Piazza, Nantes, by the same token, cannot give the team Bargas or Gadocha. Ah, if only Gadocha were yet another Franco-Pole!

Herve Revelli, Gerard Janvion and Yvan Kurkovic of European Cup finalists St. Etienne.

WORLD CUP DATES

EUROPE

Group 3

31.10.76 Turkey v Malta.
17.11.76 German DR v Turkey.
5.12.76 Malta v Austria.
2. 4.77 Malta v German DR.
17. 4.77 Austria v Turkey.
30. 4.77 Austria v Malta.
24. 9.77 Austria v German DR.
12.10.77 German DR v Austria.
29.10.77 German DR v Malta.
30.10.77 Turkey v Austria.
16.11.77 Turkey v German DR.
27.11.77 Malta v Turkey.

Group 4

5. 9.76 Iceland v Belgium.
8. 9.76 Iceland v Netherlands.
13.10.76 Netherlands v Northern Ireland.
10.11.76 Belgium v Northern Ireland.
26. 3.77 Belgium v Netherlands.
11. 6.77 Iceland v Northern Ireland.
31. 8.77 Netherlands v Iceland.
4. 9.77 Belgium v Iceland.
21. 9.77 Northern Ireland v Iceland.
12.10.77 Northern Ireland v Netherlands.
26.10.77 Netherlands v Belgium.
16.11.77 Northern Ireland v Belgium.

Group 5

9.10.76 Bulgaria v France.
17.11.76 France v Eire.
30. 3.77 Eire v France.
1. 6.77 Bulgaria v Eire.
12.10.77 Eire v Bulgaria.
16.11.77 France v Bulgaria.

Group 7

13.10.76 Czechoslovakia v Scotland.
17.11.76 Scotland v Wales.
30. 3.77 Wales v Czechoslovakia.
21. 9.77 Scotland v Czechoslovakia.
12.10.77 Wales v Scotland.
16.11.77 Czechoslovakia v Wales.

Group 8

16. 4.77 Rumania v Spain.
8. 5.77 Yugoslavia v Rumania.
26.10.77 Spain v Rumania.
13.11.77 Rumania v Yugoslavia.

The dates of the matches between Yugoslavia and Spain will be fixed by the FIFA Organising Committee on 5.4.76 in Rio de Janeiro.

Group 9

9.10.76 Greece v Hungary.
20. 4.77 USSR v Greece.
30. 4.77 Hungary v USSR.
10. 5.77 Greece v USSR.
18. 5.77 USSR v Hungary.
25. 5.77 Hungary v Greece.

CONCACAF
(extra preliminary matches)
Northern Area

24, 25, 26.9.76 Canada v USA.
1, 2, 3.10.76 USA v Mexico.
11.10.76 Canada v Mexico.
15.10.76 Mexico v USA.
20.10.76 USA v Canada.
27.10.76 Mexico v Canada.

BRAZIL FAVOU FOR ATLANTIC

WITH ONLY a third of the Atlantic Cup tournament (between Argentina, Brazil, Paraguay and Uruguay) completed, Brazil are already firm favourites to take the trophy after winning what were expected to be their most difficult matches — away to Uruguay and Argentina — by identical 2-1 scores.

The renovated Brazilian team, under new coach Osvaldo Brandau, includes no players from the country's top two clubs (Cruzeiro and Internacional) who are playing in the Libertadores Cup South American club championship and only three (goalkeeper Waldir, back Marinho and half Rivelinho) from their 1974 World Cup squad.

Brazil's win in Montevideo was all the more impressive because they played with only nine men for the last 20 minutes (Nelinho and Rivelinho sent off), in spite of which Zico scored their winner five minutes from the end. Brazil had taken a 10-minute lead through Nelinho and Ocampo equalised 15 minutes later when goalkeeper Valdir let a centre slip through his hands. Brazil's defence was not up to the standard of the rest of the team, but a disappointing Uruguay, with forward Fernando Morena again failing to hit club form and missing chances, could not exploit this.

A couple of days later, in Buenos Aires, Brazil again took a quick lead (Lula, 4 min.) and showed superior tactics and speed in attack, while Argentina dilly-dallied too long with the ball. Zico shot Brazil further ahead with a free kick (67 min.) — the third free kick goal of Brazil's four — and Argentina had to be satisfied with a Kempes penalty six minutes later. Brazil held on to the ball intelligently, with Marinho outstanding, to maintain the lead.

Last-minute technical difficulties prevented the match being televised to Brazil which resulted in another outcry (from Brazil) that Argentina was not in a position to stage the next World Cup finals.

Three days earlier Argentina had started on an unhappy note when its players refused to travel to Asunción for the scheduled match against Paraguay, because they were not satisfied with payment offered by the FA. This brought to a head days of heckling in which the labour ministry even took a hand, while the team had further been disrupted by the resignation of five River Plate players (goalkeeper Fillol, back Passarella, halves Alonso and J. Lopez and forward Luque) at the instigation of their club which was heavily committed with Libertadores Cup and league games.

At the eleventh hour the players surprisingly said they would play for nothing — apparently on the advice of their union after the affair had caused such a bad impression with press and fans, but it was an unsettled team which took on Paraguay. They showed little apart from the opportunism of Scotta who scored all three goals in their 3-2 win.

In the fourth match played before press time, Uruguay again disappointed

Atlantic Cup: Brazilian goalkeeper Valfir saves from Trobiani in the Buenos Aires River Plate stadium where Brazil won 2-1.

RITES CUP

in front of their own supporters for long periods against Paraguay's practical play, but they fought back in the last 35 minutes to turn a 2-0 defeat into a draw.

These matches also counted for traditional cups played for separately between the four countries. (*See Classified Results for full details.*)

THE LIBERTADORES CUP

River Plate, in spite of having to play without a couple of internationals, remain firm favourites to win group one of the Libertadores Cup after winning their first three matches narrowly. They just beat the other Argentine team, Estudiantes de La Plata with a Passarella penalty at home, then scored in the last minute (J. Lopez) to beat Deportivo Galicia in Venezuela 1-0 without playing well and then overcame Portuguesa (in Venezuela) — who had taken a point off Estudiantes — with two second half goals (2-0).

Home matches against the Venezuelan teams should prove no problem and this will assure them of a semi final place and eliminate three-time cup winners Estudiantes even if they win the last match in La Plata.

Victory

An exciting nine goals thriller between Brazilian teams, Cruzeiro and Internacional (Porto Alegre) gave the former a 5-4 victory at home in Bello Horizonte with a Nelhino penalty five minutes from the end in spite of having dangerous Palinha sent off in the 57th minute. This gave Cruzeiro a temporary lead after two games in group three in which Paraguay's Olimpia and Sportivo Luqueño have so far disappointed.

A likely finalist should emerge from the strong group five and Chile's champions, Union Española, whose play has been likened to Holland's "total football" in the last World Cup, lead with Chile's other representatives, Palestino, second on goals. But the Chilean clubs have so far played more home games. The best has yet to be seen from Uruguay's Nacional and Peñarol, but the latter's 0-0 draw with Union Española in Santiago is a strong point in their favour.

Classified results

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World Cup 1978—all systems are 'go'

Dates, kick-off times and venues for the 1978 World Cup finals in Argentina were fixed by the Argentine FA last December — two-and-a-half years in advance of the actual event. There was only one thing missing — the stadiums where the matches will be played, a fact which did not unduly worry FIFA's inspection committee in November, because there is plenty of time.

Today the position is unchanged and when the FIFA's press committee visited Argentina early in March they were most kind. In reply to questions from reporters (which angered Argentine FA officials), FIFA officials said:

● That West Germany was no further ahead with plans for the 1974 World Cup finals at this stage.

● That the incident of the TV breakdown during the recent Argentina-Brazil international should not unduly worry the organisers as this kind of thing happened in Europe also.

● That for this year's Montreal Olympics financial corners have also had to be cut and as a result the press centre will be in the centre of town (instead of the Olympic stadium) in a yet unfinished skyscraper on the 26th to 29th floors (with the press restaurant on the 40th) and what will happen when the lifts don't work?

● That while they had not seen any of the scheduled improvements at the River Plate, Velez Sarsfield and Rosario Central stadiums, everything was in the "discussion and planning stage" and in Mar del Plata they had seen "movement of earth" at the site of the new stadium.

There was no straight answer to whether FIFA would authorize the World Cup in Argentina at stadiums and installations now available if Argentina's economic situation should make it impossible to carry out plans. This would be a matter for the full FIFA committee to decide if and when the question arises, because FIFA is not interested in a country's internal problems but only the results, press chief Rene Courte said and jokingly added: "If I invited you out to dinner, you wouldn't ask me if I had the money to pay for it."

It was mentioned that England did not build any new stadiums for the 1966 World Cup and Courte said that they are probably sorry now, because they would have remained for national soccer.

I believe Argentina can stage the World Cup tomorrow at stadiums available in Buenos Aires, with only communication systems for press, radio and TV needing to be improved. On the other hand, I am also convinced that two years is ample time to complete all plans. What worries me is that they are not getting a move on faster, because galloping inflation is going to make things more difficult as time goes by. Under the circumstances Argentina would have saved a lot of money and headaches if their preparations were more advanced at this stage, even if there is plenty of time.

The FIFA delegation did not visit other World Cup centres in Mendoza and Cordoba, but "Beto" Devoto, optimistic head of the Argentine FA's press and propaganda committee and himself a journalist of long standing, assured me that work there, and in Mar del Plata, is progressing very well and there had only been a four day work stoppage in Cordoba due to delay in the the remittance of funds.

SOUTH AMERICAN ROUND-UP

by ERIC WEIL

ERIC WEIL..... Focus on

URUGUAY IS one of the few spots in South America at the moment where there's optimism on the soccer scene — in spite of international setbacks in the South American Championship last year and more recently in Atlantic Cup matches and also in spite of the ban on foreign players which has left the two "giants", Peñarol and Nacional, less star studded than before.

Nearly all first division clubs are fielding young and home produced players showing promise for the future and although there was no improvement in the standard last season, there has been a big increase in attendances all round — resulting in 800,000 more admission tickets being sold than the previous year and a 25,000 dollar FA deficit turning into a similar profit. The new league set up of First Division followed by Major League and then a playoff for Libertadores Cup places may have had something to do with it.

For this season Peñarol, unable to sign foreigners, brought back former Uruguayan international players from abroad such as goalkeeper Mazurkiewicz, Acuña, Alvarez, De Simone, Forlan, while Nacional bought nine lesser known Uruguayans, but nevertheless, it is considered that both clubs, who are last season's champions of the First Division and Major League respectively, bought wisely. Liverpool, best of the smaller clubs last year, and seemingly intent on staying in the "big time", also bought eight players.

Peñarol had contract trouble with their World Cup star, Fernando Morena and he refused to play in the first match, but resigned just in time for the team's first Libertadores Cup match. His monthly salary was reported to be 6,000 dollars plus bonuses.

Nacional, who are arranging a tour of Europe in August, starting with a match against an English First Division club in London on August 8 (they say), surprisingly lost their first match to Rentistas and the following week's scheduled classic against Peñarol was postponed as both clubs were engaged in the Libertadores Cup. So Cerro leads as the only club with full points after two matches, while Nacional are bottom with none.

★

IN BRAZIL, Santos, still unable to find an adequate replacement for Pele, are looking towards Argentina and Independiente's international Bochini, while there is alarm about the continual importation of Argentina players.

Clubs are allowed only two foreigners on their books, but some foreign players are getting around this rule by naturalization. Puerto Alegre's Gremio, for example, have just bought goalkeeper Cejas and forward Ortiz from Argentina, while Uruguayan defender Anchetta (already on their books) has got naturalized.

Argentina Metropolitan Championship: Huracan's Houseman rushes past San Lorenzo defence and goalkeeper La Volpe in the derby between the two neighbours which leaders Huracan won 3-1.

Optimism for game's future in Uruguay

IN ARGENTINA, the Metropolitan First Division continues while 18 internationals are touring Europe with the national team (four from Boca Juniors, three each from Huracan and San Lorenzo, two each from River Plate and Rosario Central and one each from Independiente, Racing, Newell's Old Boys and Cordoba Talleres) and River Plate and Estudiantes de La Plata are playing in the Libertadores Cup. This has already resulted in one league date clash, forcing both clubs to field reserve teams.

This brought about River Plate's first defeat while unbeaten Estudiantes are also halfway down the table because they lost points for mistakenly bringing on a suspended player as substitute. But First Division and national champions River Plate and Libertadores Cup holders Independiente are also overdoing it with midweek friendlies abroad to cash in on their titles and both have found that you can't burn the candle at both ends.

Consolation for these clubs, however, is that it is not likely to cost them their league title chances this season as the top six of each 11-team First Division section qualify for the final round.

Unbeaten Huracan are playing the best soccer and lead section A with international half Brindisi — one of the few players of class not yet snapped up by foreign clubs — always prominent. The only other three unbeaten teams — Gimnasia y Esgrima de La Plata, newly promoted Quilmes and Union Santa Fe — fill the top three places in section B, but their play shows up the low standard and what little it takes to be at the top at the moment.

Meanwhile the exodus of players has gained momentum again with San Lorenzo's Ortiz (Brazil) and Estudiantes' leading scorer Galletti (Mexico) the latest to go... The first ever tour of Argentine clubs (Temperley and Talleres) to Zaire had an unhappy ending — two players from each club had to be interned with malaria and Suarez (Temperley) died... Luque (River), Asteggiano (Independiente), Coronal (San Telmo) and Gottardi (Racing) are leading scorers with five goals after six matches, Luque scoring his five in River Plate's 5-1 victory over San Lorenzo... Last year's 60-goals top scorer Scotta (San Lorenzo) has hardly played, first due to contract trouble with his club while at press time he is with the national team in Europe.

South America..... PAUL RADFORD

BRAZIL TOPS

IN THE seven World Cups played since the war there have been few occasions when an undisputed and worthy champion has emerged.

In 1950 Uruguay took the title when many felt that Brazil should have triumphed, in 1954 West Germany won a cup which Hungary may well have deserved, while in 1966 and 1974 England and West Germany gained victories which satisfied only the home fans.

In 1958, 1962 and 1970, however, the world had a champion which was universally acclaimed, and it is, perhaps, no coincidence that in each case it was Brazil.

Yet for all Brazil's undoubted mastery in the World Cup there is something of an enigma about Brazilian football, both at club and international level.

At club level Brazil has a modest record in the Libertadores Cup compared with Argentina and Uruguay and the same is true of the national side in the South American Championship.

Only three of the 23 championships has gone Brazil's way since the competition began in 1917, but Argentina can claim nine victories and Uruguay seven.

In the current survey of South American nations' records in competition over the last 20 years (World Cup qualifying and final rounds and South American Championships) Brazil is clearly on top thanks to those magnificent World Cup achievements.

Heyday

The Brazilian record in World Cup matches reads: Played 37, Won 28, Drawn 5 and Lost 4. In winning the 1970 trophy the brilliant Brazilians actually won all twelve games and scored 40 goals in the qualifying and final rounds.

But Brazil's heyday was between 1957 and 1963 during which the national side not only won two World Cups but had a six-year unbeaten run of over 20 matches.

If Brazil's form in South American Championships has never been the same as in the World Cup there is a simple explanation. It is not, as many people contend, that the South American Championship is not taken seriously in Brazil. (The Brazilians have far too competitive instincts to take anything lightly).

The point is that World Cups are taken with such fanatical seriousness, involving months of preparation and training that it is just not practicable to repeat it for every South American Championship.

Because of the huge distances involved in internal travel it is difficult enough to get a national team together at all and the problem is not helped by the fact that the cream of Brazilian players is spread out over a wide range of clubs all over the country.

Other large South American countries do not have this problem. Argentina, for example, can virtually pick a national squad from the clubs in and around Buenos Aires.

When the South American Championship was revived last year after an eight year break, Brazil, it is true, entered a state team from Minas Gerais. (Argentina also entered a state team). But, in fact, the Minas Gerais team probably did as well as a hastily convened national squad would have.

Exception

There is an amazing similarity in the positions of the countries in the 20-year survey and in the table for the whole of the South American Championship, the one glaring exception being Brazil which drops from first to third.

The similarities make it easy to assess the relative merits of soccer in each country. Argentina is better than Uruguay, for example, there is little to choose between Paraguay and Peru and Venezuela is obviously the weakest of the ten republics.

But where do we place the enigmatic Brazilians? Top of the tree or a poor third to Argentina and Uruguay? At their best the Brazilians are certainly the best of them all, but at other times they can be a frustrating and mediocre set of also-rans.

The South American Championship has been competed for numerous times but the table only includes results of competitions in which the Copa America was officially awarded — 23 times in all.

Entered

That Argentina has consistently dominated the competition (as it has the Libertadores Cup) is shown by the fact that the Argentines have won nine and placed second seven times in the 20 championships they have entered.

The championship has also been won by Uruguay seven times, Brazil three times, Peru twice and Paraguay and Bolivia once each.

One outcome of the decision of Argentina and Brazil to enter state teams last year was that both countries lost unbeaten home records that went back the whole 20 years of the survey into international competition. Argentina lost the home game with Brazil in the qualifying group and Brazil in turn lost the home semi-final tie with Peru.

Uruguay, which has only conceded five goals at home over 20 years, has also lost just one home game — by the only goal of the match against Colombia in a World Cup qualifying tie in 1973.

For Colombia this win was the start of an unprecedented spell of success which included six consecutive victories in competition (with only one goal given away) and a best-ever second place in the South American Championship after losing to Peru in a play-off.

Standards seem to be improving in Colombia which has one of the largest populations in the South American continent and could well emerge as a footballing power in the next 10 to 20 years.

Though the game is catching on well in neighbouring Venezuela, where baseball is still, however, the number one sport, there seems little prospect of similar success.

The Venezuelans have only scored twice in their last ten competitive games and have to go back to 1967 for their one and only victory when Bolivia was the victim.

Bolivia is another struggling nation relying on the advantage of being better acclimatised for home games at high altitude (La Paz is at 13,000 feet above sea level) for the few moments of glory which Bolivians have to celebrate.

Scorers 1964-75

1.	Jairzinho (Brazil)	13
2.	Artime (Argentina)	11
	Pele (Brazil)	11
	Tostao (Brazil)	11
5.	Cubillas (Peru)	8
6.	Ayala (Argentina)	6
	Marcos (Chile)	6
	Ramirez (Peru)	6
	Rivelino (Brazil)	6
10.	Rocha (Uruguay)	5

International Competitive Records
South American nations — 1956-1975

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
1. Brazil	60	42	8	10	152	62	92
2. Argentina	61	36	9	16	161	70	81
3. Uruguay	53	27	9	17	84	65	63
4. Paraguay	44	21	6	17	76	69	48
5. Peru	46	20	8	18	73	65	48
6. Chile	50	17	12	21	71	83	46
7. Colombia	44	12	8	24	55	93	32
8. Bolivia	39	11	4	24	44	89	26
9. Ecuador	31	3	8	20	40	85	14
10. Venezuela	19	1	1	17	13	75	3

South American Championship Record 1917-1975

1. Argentina (20)	87	61	11	15	243	84	133
2. Uruguay (21)	92	56	7	29	230	122	119
3. Brazil (15)	76	43	9	24	207	108	95
4. Paraguay (18)	88	42	9	37	164	175	91
5. Peru (13)	73	31	13	29	123	125	75
6. Chile (17)	81	23	15	43	129	180	61
7. Bolivia (9)	48	11	6	31	56	157	28
8. Colombia (5)	35	8	5	22	37	91	21
9. Ecuador (9)	51	2	9	40	48	163	13
10. Venezuela (2)	9	1	0	8	8	42	2

Figure in brackets represents number of appearances in championship

Yugos have

Interview with

by Arthur Rotmil

INTERESTED SPECTATOR at the Wales v. England international in Wrexham was Ante Mladinic, the national manager of Yugoslavia, the opponents of Wales in the quarter-final of the European Championship. He had been reading with faint amusement about the trials and tribulations experienced by his rival Mike Smith of Wales, and indeed by Don Revie of England, who were beset with problems of selection in face of an overcrowded fixture list in the Football League.

Some managers have it easier than others, but Messrs. Smith and Revie are not unique in having difficulties in preparing their respective national sides. The controversial subject of club v. country is quite old and in many countries, notably where professional football offers the clubs and players bigger incentives, the national team often suffers when the club commitments are being placed first and foremost.

Yugoslavia have had their own problems over the years. Some of them of a nature neither Don Revie nor Mike Smith have, or are ever likely to experience: Firstly, it must be remembered that full professional soccer has only been fairly recently introduced in that country. Before that, the lure of money to be made in Western Europe from playing football, with all its side trimmings, had, and indeed still has, an irresistible appeal to most Yugoslav players.

Emigration

It is estimated, that since the war Yugoslavia have lost three complete national teams through a mass emigration to Western Europe! Even now, their two best players, winger Dragan Dzajic and stopper Josip Katalinski are playing in France, whilst schemer Branco Oblak is active in West Germany. In addition, in common with other Eastern European countries, the Yugoslav government insists on their males (and that includes the footballers) completing the compulsory military service.

One shudders to think how Revie and Smith would go about picking a team, if they had to search for their top players abroad, or had to rely on the benevolence of the Ministry of Defence for the release of their stars from their army units!

And so Ante Mladinic, if you pardon the pun, soldiers on, mostly hampered by the aforementioned problems, but occasionally relieved, when following a success of the national team there is a general upsurge of interest in his charges and efforts are being made, even in the higher authority, to help the team.

Such is the case now, for Yugoslavia, in the event of beating Wales, will be accorded the final rounds of the European Championship — an honour which at once raises the prestige, gives them a fair chance of winning the tournament and promises to prove one of the most lucrative ventures ever enjoyed by Yugoslav sport.

In an exclusive interview Ante Mladinic has pinpointed some of the most important phases of his country's preparations for the clashes with Wales, on which depend of course the chances of ultimate success. At first glance many Yugoslav commentators declared their joy at drawing such modest opposition as Wales.

Assumed

Others warned that their own team is not as strong as generally assumed and that Wales are better than some experts here give them credit for; the pessimists point to the fiasco of the national squad's training stint in North Africa.

In the middle of February Yugoslavia lost there to Tunisia by 2-1, and promptly cancelled the remaining fixtures. But then Algeria offered to act as a sparring partner and were beaten just by 2-1, in a poor game.

The training camp was nothing short of disaster. There was widespread dissatisfaction with the hotel and practice facilities and this affected the morale of the players; the *libero* Bogicevic criticised everything so much and so often, that the management eventually sent him home!

After the squad's return to Yugoslavia Mladinic was attacked by the Press, radio and on television. Fortunately for him the president of the Football Federation, Peter Korobar, gave his support and following a Press conference, at which Mladinic explained his plans and programme of preparation, the media and public opinion accepted the situation.

To the question whether Yugoslavia had been lucky to draw Wales, Mladinic said: "Everybody seems to think so, but I don't. This is a very tough opponent which is practically a selection of the English League. And we all know how strong this league is. And the Welsh players will be sufficiently motivated, for as sole representatives left in the quarter-finals they are defending the honour of British football. We are facing the handicap of having to play the first leg at home in Zagreb. We would have preferred to play the first leg away from home."

The Yugoslav championship was only resumed on March 7, following the winter break. Is this not too late? Mladinic: "That is so. Our players are not at their best in April. The defeat in Tunisia was a warning that we must prepare more thoroughly than ever. That is why I travelled to Wrexham to study the Welsh, of whom we knew very little till now."

Assurances

Asked how he began his programme of preparation, Mladinic replied: "I am most anxious to prepare my men psychologically as well as physically and tactically. In the first place I must persuade the players that Wales are not going to be the pushovers some ill-informed people have been propagating. I am also in close touch with all club managers who keep me informed of the physical condition of their internationals."

To the call up of stars active abroad the Yugoslav chief commented: "Without our foreign mercenaries it would be impossible to pick the strongest team. We have received assurances from the French clubs Nice and Bastia, that Katalinski and Dzajic will be released. And the Germans from Schalke also promised that Oblak is free to join the squad.

"These three men provide the whole team with moral strength, in addition to their technical and tactical know-how. Each one of them is a potential match winner. I am counting on the eleven who achieved the quarter-final qualification, and welcome the return of Acimovic, who has now completed his military service and in Tunisia gained his 50th cap."

slavia also problems

Ante Mladinic

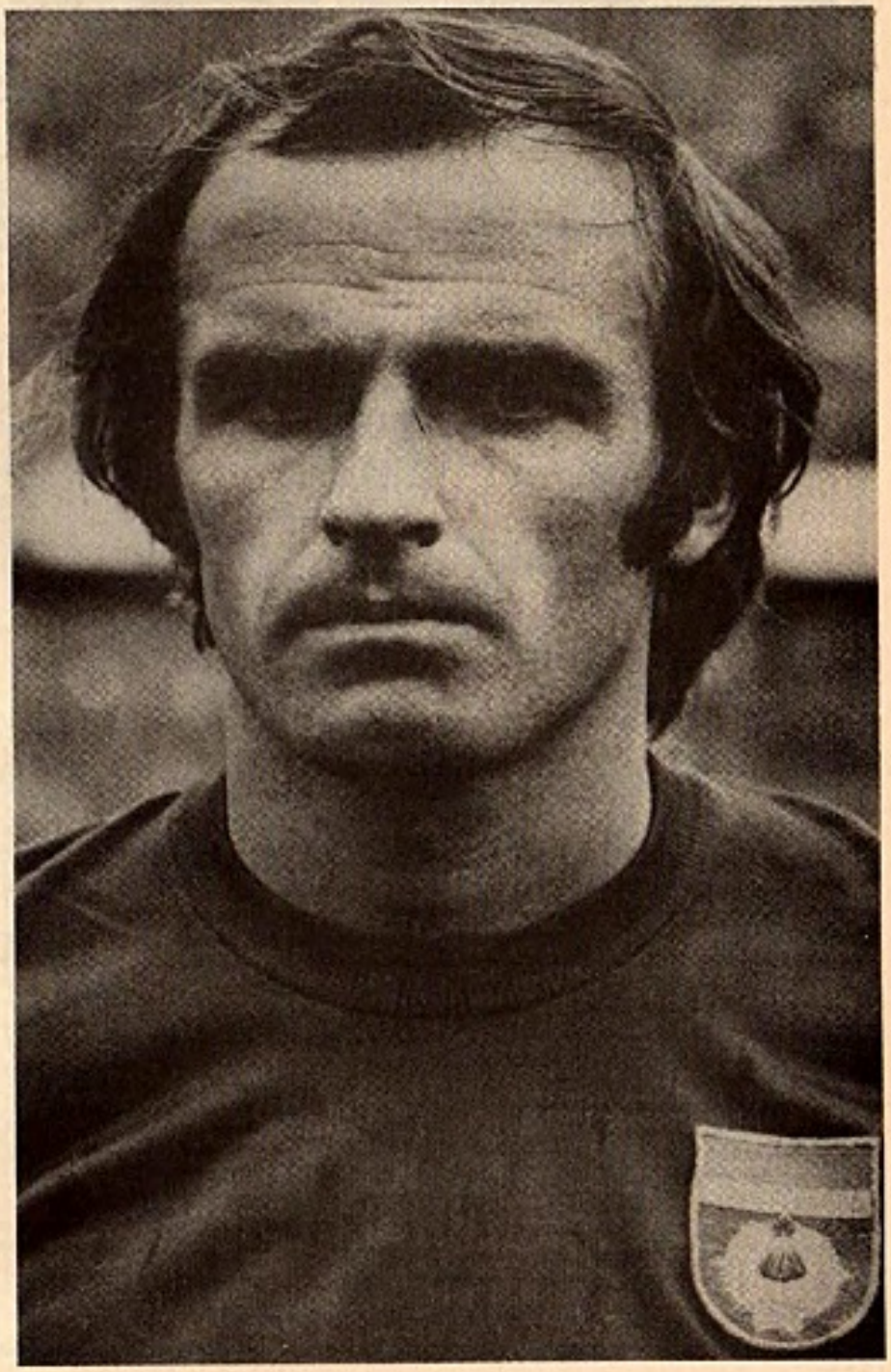
Will there be another training camp? Mladinic: "Of course, and it will last nearly two weeks. After the League matches on April 11, all the selected players will assemble to remain together until the match on the 24th. By way of a dress rehearsal, we shall play Hungary on the 17th."

When it was pointed out to Mladinic that such a lengthy spell of preparation was unusual and that he obviously attaches great importance to this match, he said: "Naturally, for we are hopeful that West Germany will knock out Spain and look forward to revenge on the world champions. But the financial benefits from our win over Wales are truly incalculable. Our Football Federation believe they can take something like £600,000 which will be divided between just the four semi-finalists. And if we really stage the final rounds, then we shall probably earn even more."

Champions

And what can the Yugoslav players hope to make from the forthcoming matches? Mladinic: "The bonuses have already been agreed. For a win over Wales each player will collect £570. If they become European champions then they claim a further £1,750. For finishing runners up still £1,430, for third place £870 and for a fourth place £290. Such high rewards have never before been offered by the Federation."

From these facts and figures it is abundantly clear just how much a victory over Wales will mean to Yugoslavia. Thus, if the gallant Welsh do upset the odds and get through, then they can really claim to have arrived in the forefront of football at the highest level.



Branko Oblak of Yugoslavia and Red Star

Bayern Munich v. St Etienne...West Ham United v. A
JACK ROLLIN looks ahead to the three 1976 Europe

BAYERN F
FAVOURIT

ONE OF the most interesting points to emerge from the finals of the three major European competitions this season is that they all come from countries with large First Divisions. Thus the theory that smaller, more competitive Leagues produce better results takes yet another knock.

Liverpool's John Toshack faces up to Everton goalkeeper Dai Davies.

Of the six finalists two come from England (Liverpool and West Ham United), two from Belgium (Anderlecht and Bruges), one from West Germany (Bayern Munich) and the other from France (St. Etienne).

There are, of course, 22 teams in the English First Division, 20 in France, 19 in Belgium and 18 in West Germany. Moreover the experience of Liverpool in reaching the final of the UEFA Cup for the second time in four seasons despite going hard for the championship themselves and being involved in some 60 competitive games all told this term, does scant service to the need for fewer fixtures!

Taking the European Cup Final between Bayern Munich and St. Etienne, the off field activity has more than led to what should be a lively contest on the playing arena.

Support

Bayern President Wilhelm Neudecker has protested about the venue of Hampden Park, Glasgow, complaining that since the same ground stages the Scotland v. England match three days after the European final, no one in Glasgow will have any money to spare to watch two strange sides. He may well be right, but there is no chance that UEFA will change what has been known for more than a year.

Neudecker has even generously offered to play in Paris which could have suited St. Etienne, but he will just have to put up with the hostility of the Glaswegians who will now throw all their support behind the French side it seems.

However, that apart, Bayern Munich have now reached their third successive European Final, a feat achieved previously by Real Madrid, Benfica and Ajax. Whether they will be able to emulate Real and Ajax by winning all three times or fall in line with Benfica, who failed on their third appearance may not depend on the reception the crowd give them, but rather on the way they handle their opponents.

nderlecht . . . FC Bruges v. Liverpool
an club finals

IRM
ES

Roberto Martinez scores for Real Madrid against Bayern Munich in the first leg of their European Cup semi-final tie in Madrid. The match ended 1-1.

St. Etienne are the unfashionable outsiders and the first French side to reach the final since Reims in 1959. Reims had been in the original final against Real Madrid in 1956 and in fact lost to the Spaniards on both occasions.

Though the current St. Etienne side is probably not as gifted as the Reims outfits of more than a decade and a half ago, by the same token Bayern are nowhere near as good as the old Real.

Having said that the Germans have done extremely well to reach their third final in succession remembering the dreadful first half of a season they have had in the *Bundesliga*. For many games they had to play without their experienced internationals Gerd Muller and Uli Hoeness but since both came back in December from injury the whole team has looked much more of a force.

Without doubt, too, the invaluable experience of players like Sepp Maier, Franz Beckenbauer and Georg Schwarzenbeck has eased them through the more difficult matches and it is doubly significant that these three are the only Bayern players currently under consideration for the full national team.

Improved

Last season Bayern defeated St Etienne in the semi-final of the European Cup and this will prove of useful psychological strategy to the Germans. However, there is no question that St Etienne are an improved team compared with last year. Their current league position of fifth is due only to having played fewer matches than the others and if they can win all three games in hand will be easily back on top and in with a championship chance.

And in the European Cup the statistics of their achievement make interesting reading this season because in eight matches they have conceded only four goals. And though BK Copenhagen gave them a fairly comfortable first round exercise their subsequent opponents Rangers, Dynamo Kiev and PSV Eindhoven cannot be dismissed as lightly.

Against Kiev they came back from being two goals down on the first leg to win through on a 3-2 aggregate and twice prevented PSV who are Europe's most prolific scoring league team this season from scoring against them.

Under the direction of Robert Herbin the former French international midfield player, St Etienne or Les Stephanois as they are known have that happy blend of youth and experience in the side.

Goalkeeper Ivan Curkovic is 32 as is left back Gerard Farison. These two with centre-forward Herve Revelli at 29 are the oldest players in the side. Curkovic is a former Yugoslavian international. Revelli the older of two brothers in the side is an experienced French cap with 29 appearances in his national team's colours.

Youngest in the side are right-winger Dominique Rocheteau (21) and midfield player Dominique Bathenay at 22 and one of several bright young prospects on the French scene and recently given his first full cap. Rocheteau has three caps and is an exciting possible match-winner.

Right-back Gerard Janvion, also recently capped, is 23 in August, centre-back Christian Lopez, with two international outings, is 23, the younger Revelli, Patrick by name is 24 and midfield player Christian Synaeghel is 25, also with one cap.

Jean-Michel Larque, a wise 28 year old in midfield, and Argentinian international centre-back Osvaldo Piazza (29) complete the usual squad. In fact only Farison is uncapped.

Bayern have a vastly more experienced side, of course, both at club and international level. Apart from the big five of Maier, Beckenbauer, Schwarzenbeck, Muller and Hoeness there is right-back Johnny Hansen, making a come-back after injury kept him out of last year's final, midfield players Franz Roth and Jupp Kapellmann, who have considerable experience too.

In fact Glasgow fans of Rangers hue might remember Roth as the player who scored the only goal of the game in the 1967 Cup Winners Cup Final when Bayern defeated their favourites. And Bayern still have Maier, Beckenbauer and the inevitable Muller as other survivors from that match.

Muller's two goals in the second leg semi-final with Real Madrid were in fact his 57th and 58th in all European competitions. These have been made up of 31 in the European Cup, 20 in the Cup Winners Cup and seven in the Fairs Cup during which Rangers were also among their victims in 1970-71 season . . .

Can St Etienne overturn the experience of Bayern? The Germans may well be the more unpopular side in Glasgow among the uncommitted but there is no doubt that they will be difficult to dislodge from their position as holders and likely three-time winners of Europe's most prized possession.

While English clubs still find the challenge of the European Champions Cup elusive, they continue to do well in the lesser competitions of the Cup Winners Cup and the UEFA Cup.

In fact West Ham United have almost set up a record of one half of the season which has seen them achieve only success in Europe in reaching their second European Final after 11 years while losing almost every week in the domestic competition since January.

It says much for the resilience of English footballers that West Ham have succeeded in lifting their game in Europe despite a succession of set-backs in the First Division programme. Of

● *Continued on page 41*

West Ham get their priorities in order

by PAUL PARISH

IT WAS less than kind when someone suggested that West Ham had timed their championship run to perfection. From being serious and, in some circles, fancied title contenders before Christmas the East London enigmas plummeted to eighteenth in the First Division . . . separated from relegation by a handful of points and the four clubs for whom Division Two had been beckoning all season.

West Ham, it seems, chose their priorities and they didn't include making any particular effort to stay in the Championship race at the expense of their European Cup Winners Cup aspirations.

The Hammers, always among Britain's most European orientated sides, have somehow managed to lift their game from championship monotony and mediocrity to scintillating heights in Cup Winners Cup competition. Even bearing in mind that the Cup Winners Cup has not been exactly festooned with the elite of European soccer their Jekyll and Hyde efforts have been remarkable.

Perhaps it was the less than emphatic way in which Finnish part-timers Riepas Lahden were beaten that determined the Hammers policy for the remainder of the season. Injuries, in fairness, also dictated the course of events, cost them vital league points at Christmas and put West Ham too far behind the championship pace-setters.

The victory over Soviet side Ararat Erevan was a pointer that perhaps West Ham were going to be a force in European competition just as they were in 1965 when they won, at the first time of asking, the same competition.

A new side to the West Ham make-up emerged in Holland when they saved themselves from complete disgrace with a courageous second-half performance against Den Haag. The Dutchmen, scarcely one of the more notable sides in Holland, had galloped into a 4-0 first-half lead and few of those who tuned into the second-half commentary on BBC radio could have envisaged West Ham's progress in the competition at that time.

Two goals from Billy Jennings in the second-half were to prove decisive, however. At Upton Park West Ham won 3-1 and with those Jennings goals counting double West Ham scrambled through to a place in the semi-final.

By this time West Ham's league form was becoming increasingly disastrous. They had long since rejected any hopes of the league championship and qualification for the UEFA Cup — in the event of failure in this year's Cup Winners Cup — had also disappeared.

West Ham simply went through the motions in league competition much to the annoyance of their loyal band of supporters.

Yet the Cup Winners Cup, now at the semi-final stage, once again lifted the Hammers out of their rut. In truth they would not have chosen Eintracht Frankfurt as their semi-final opponents for the Germans had won all their matches, home and away, including success over Atletico Madrid.

Stories of the Germans' attacking strength put fears into West Hams fans who had watched their favourites defence look brittle against some of the more ordinary opposition of the First Division.

But in Frankfurt West Ham fought a famous rearguard action after snatching an early decisive goal from Graham Paddon. The skilful Germans eventually won 2-1 and while the tie was by no means over West Ham had achieved a better result than could realistically have been expected after their abysmal league run.

Star-billing

The second-leg will remain one of the great nights of European soccer. A tremendous game ended with West Ham winning 3-1 with men like Billy Bonds, Tommy Taylor, John McDowall and Billy Jennings earning star-billing alongside two-goal hero of the moment Trevor Brooking.

Now West Ham go to Brussels for the final to meet the Belgians, Anderlecht. It is a strange twist of fate that when Hammers won the trophy in 1965 the final was on 'home' soil at Wembley. Now they, in turn, must face Anderlecht before a partisan home crowd.

Anderlecht's summary dismissal of Sachsenring Zwickau (victors over Celtic in the previous round) is a greater warning to Hammers on what they must expect in the final than the Belgian's close shave before beating Wrexham in the third round.

But this is the match that West Ham have aimed for at the expense of all else. The final proof that the Hammers did have the priorities right will be victory in the Heysel Stadium, Brussels, on May 5.

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Alex Gordon reports from Glasgow

Scotland going... nowhere!

A PITIFUL, meagre, miserable crowd of 15,531 turned up to watch Scotland's 1-0 victory over Switzerland at Hampden last month. After watching the game I would say there were 15,531 fans too many at this nothing-at-stake, dreary and downright boring performance that was memorable only for its 89 minutes worth of ineptitude.

One minute escapes criticism — that was the minute in which Scotland scored the only goal of the game and gave the fans something to shout about and something to look forward to. Unhappily, their expectations were lost in yawns long before half-time.

The goal was well-worked, though, and should have been the signal for many more against a hesitant, dull Swiss side that only had midfield man Rene Botterton worthy of the stature of internationalist. The score came in the second minute when Tom Forsyth — skipper for the night on his international comeback — turned a clearance from the Swiss defence out to Kenny Dalglish on the right. The Celt looked up, sized up the situation, floated over a cross and Willie Pettigrew raced between a defender and the goalkeeper to take the ball on the drop and guide it safely into the net. If the game had ended there the fans would have been saved an awful lot of misery.

Tony Collins, the English soccer spy who compiled a fat dossier on Scotland last season and presented it to Don Revie before the 5-1 hammering at Wembley, sat in the Hampden stand two rows in front of me and left before the end with a broad smile on his face. No wonder! There wasn't much in this Scottish team to frighten an Englishman.

Scotland are going nowhere at their present rate. Manager Willie Ormond can point to the mountain of call-offs he has had to put up with, but Scotland is supposed to be second only to Brazil for unearthing pure talent, so we keep telling ourselves anyway!

There weren't many Scots to get pass marks on the display against the Swiss, who certainly have their own problems. Tom Forsyth did a good, if unspectacular, job in the back-four. Tommy Craig was industrious in the middle of the park and I must say I felt sorry for Kenny Dalglish. The Celtic star was substituted in the second-half and most of the Rangers fans in the crowd welcomed the move with a loud cheer. I don't think it was justified.

Dalglish saw a lot of the ball and some of his moves didn't come off, but I would put a lot of the blame on the shoulders of Derek Johnstone, Andy Gray and Willie Pettigrew. Too often they lined up in the middle and just hung around waiting for Dalglish to supply the bullets for them to fire. There was a lack of invention and mobility among this threesome. Too often they went for the same ball and when it was scrambled away there was no one following up to keep the pressure on the Swiss defence.

Dalglish tried to work different moves with Danny McGrain on the right. He tried to make new angles for his strikers instead of them making space for themselves. Johnstone, Gray and Pettigrew and three superb goalscorers, but together they are a colossal flop.

Johnstone is the Ibrox club's top scorer this season, but I'm certain he didn't reach that stature with a display like the one against the Swiss. Surely, he must have sweated more in a practice match with Jock Wallace in charge!

With the front three tending to bunch Scotland should have played it wide to stretch the Swiss rearguard. Dalglish and McGrain noticed this on the right, but the left was so empty you could have landed several Jumbo Jets with space to spare. I thought Frankie Gray could have done more in coming forward. Alex MacDonald — like Gray, making his international debut — should have played wider on the left, but he tended to come inside and clutter up the middle of the park.

Channelled

Tommy Craig must have one of the best left foots I have ever seen, but he rarely got the chance to spread play to both wings the way he likes. Most of his long balls were being channelled out to the right because that was the only place in which space was being made and found.

When Pettigrew was forced to go off injured shortly after the interval I thought it would give Ormond the chance to add a bit of variety to the attack and play someone on the still empty left-hand side. Ormond sent on Rangers' Bobby McKean — a naturally right sided player!

McKean, clever and strong, started off well, but lapsed into the mediocrity of most of his team-mates. Dalglish was then taken off and Hibs' Des Bremner took his place. Bremner, too, is a right sided player. The game ended with the fans happy to get out of Hampden and back home after a tedious match.

Scotland lack in guidance and until that is found they will wander from international to international, a good display here, a bad display there, without any set formation or plans. There is a lot about Scotland's international planning that baffles me.

Withdraw

For instance, why was Rangers' Peter McCloy the second choice goalkeeper to Partick Thistle's Alan Rough against the Swiss? David Harvey, of Leeds, was forced to withdraw through injury so Rough stepped up and that left a place open for a reserve.

Surely, Jim Stewart, of Kilmarnock, should have got that place. Only a couple of weeks before he came into the Scottish League team to play the English League at Hampden in another almighty bore of a game and was one of the top Scots and had no chance whatsoever with the only goal of the game scored by Trevor Cherry early on. Stewart had been third-choice 'keeper for this game after Rough and Jim Cruickshank, of Hearts. Both Rough and Cruickshank couldn't play so Ormond brought in Stewart.

Stewart was selected in preference to McCloy and since that game his form has not deteriorated and neither has McCloy's risen so sharply. Unfortunately, for Stewart it seems he didn't get the call up because he doesn't play for either Rangers or Celtic. There was very little done to 'sell' the Swiss game to the public, but it seems that the international head men believe a big crowd will turn up simply because there is an abundance of Old Firm players on view. Thank goodness the fans aren't so easily conned.

Highlighting the apathy the average soccer fan has at the moment for the international side is the fact that there were only around 2,000 more at the Swiss match than there were for the Scottish Junior Cup semi-final match the same week between Lanark and Bo'ness!

THE ETHNI
IN AMERIC

IF YOU have been wondering what happens to all those brave little nations that get obliterated by wars and revolutions and other political upheavals, wonder no more. They live on, many of them, as soccer teams in the New York area.

We have Croatia, Serbian-Inter, Macedonia, Dalmatia, Montenegro, Lithuanians, Ukrainians, Schwaben, Bavarians and no doubt others that have escaped me. The week-end fixture lists inevitably seem designed to appeal more to Hapsburgs and Tsars than to American soccer fans.

We are into the Ethnic Factor of American soccer, the world of the recent and not-so-recent immigrants who insist on using soccer as a vehicle for a variety of non-soccer passions ranging from mildly chauvinistic nostalgia to offensively aggressively nationalism.

Whether or not having a team composed of Ukrainians proves any thing at all about Ukrainians themselves or advances the cause of Ukrainian nationalism I have no idea (though I suspect the answer to that one is: only if it wins). I do know, very clearly, that such teams, and those who support them, are highly destructive to the cause of soccer in the United States.

The team names are outward evidence of the blight of petty factionalism that has acted, so many times over the years, as a self-destruct device within American soccer. Grown men who can seriously believe that the activities of an obscure soccer team have, somehow, political significance are not likely to be mature enough, or for that matter intelligent enough, to contribute anything to the growth of soccer as a major league American sport.

Worse yet, they scare away the high-grade administrators that the sport urgently needs. One would dearly love to know, for instance, how far Dettmar Cramer's decision to walk out of his job as US national coach last year was caused by the pitifully poor level of the soccer people he met throughout the country — the people he would have had to work with, to rely on, if he wanted to accomplish anything.

Soccer has been, and to some extent still is, held back by the image of foreign-ness and parish-pumpery that the ethnic factor has given to it.

by PAUL

The saga of the BEA

ONCE UPON a time, in a country not a thousand miles from here — let us call it Columbia — a motley group of foreigners gathered together and found that they had a common devotion to the sport of soccer. As they disagreed on practically everything else under the sun, they decided to form a soccer league so that they could play games regularly and work out their differences in a mature and sportsmanlike way on the playing field.

It was considered immensely important to preserve the ethnic identity of the various delegates to the meeting, and so the league was named the Bavarian - English - Austrian - Scottish - Turkish - Lithuanian - Yugoslavian Soccer League. When this proved to be too much of a mouthful for any of the delegates to handle, the acronym BEASTLY Soccer League was adopted. The new name, it was agreed, was splendid and the Turkish delegate who had thought of it was appointed BEASTLY Press Officer on the spot.

The first problem to be solved was that none of the league's teams had anywhere to play. This was tackled at an emergency meeting of the BEASTLY Executive Committee which came up with the idea of one central ground for all games. A scouting party was sent out to search for a likely site and reported back that it had found a virtually inaccessible vacant lot in one of the least desirable areas of the city which, as luck would have it, contained absolutely no facilities of any sort. This being, apparently, exactly what everyone had in mind, the land was purchased and quickly turned into a soccer stadium by piling earth all around the edges and sticking old railway sleepers into the banks thus created.

Luck was further on the side of the BEASTLY pioneers in that the playing area contained, at the most charitable estimate, not more than three or four square feet of grass. The rest was good, honest dirt and the BEASTLY delegates fairly chortled with glee as they inspected it, realizing immediately that their players would now have the chance to show off their skills under all conditions from dust-bowl to quagmire and maybe even glue-pot. (Which, incidentally, is how the BEASTLY Soccer League became one of the earliest users of all-weather surfaces.) The delegate who visited the new stadium later and said he had mistaken it for an abandoned strip-mining operation was ousted on a voice vote.

As the BEASTLY Soccer League began to grow, reports came in that similar leagues were sprouting in other parts of Columbia. On the far coast a gathering of German - Hungarian - Argentinian - Sicilian - Transylvanian - Luxemburger - Yakuts had formed the GHASTLY Soccer League, while in central Columbia a meeting of Uruguayans, Greeks, Latvians and Yemenis had given birth to the UGLY Soccer League. And rumours were rife that, somewhere or other, a group of Brazilian - Russian - Ukrainian - Tibetan - Israeli - Spanish - Hottentots were about to form a BRUTISH Soccer League. This was considered a wonderful thing, opening up, as it did, the exciting possibility of inter-city rivalries along BEASTLY-GHASTLY or UGLY-BRUTISH lines.

The BEASTLY League conducted a survey of its players and found that all of them, without exception, had been tremendous international stars back in the old country (or, at least, would have been had they not all been victims of some mysterious and sinister conspiracy to suppress their talents). A further survey brought to light that all the coaches available had for many years coached their national teams to extensive unbeaten records (or, at least, would have done had they not been constantly beaten in crooked games officiated by bribed referees). The delegate who questioned the surveys by pointing out that its result indicated that the Albanian national team must have had 53 head coaches in the space of one year, and that if you added up all the international stars revealed by the survey you arrived at a figure far in excess of anything that was possible, was defenestrated without delay.

Presiding over all this impressive soccer activity was the long-established Columbian parent-body — the United Society of Ethnic Leagues and Soccer Sects, or USELESS as those in the know had come to call it. Inspired by the plethora of playing and coaching talent available, USELESS decided to form a Columbian national team which, after an extensive two-and-a-half hour training session, left for a tour of Europe.

C FACTOR AN SOCCER

It is one of the strengths of the North American Soccer League that it has seen the dangers of ethnic soccer and has, on the whole, taken sensible steps to avoid them. Its teams all bear sturdily American names like Jaws, Tornado, Sounders, Minutemen, Bicentennials and so on. All of them, that is, except one. The Toronto Metros-Croatia.

About this time a year ago the team was called, simply, the Toronto Metros, and they were a source of great anxiety to the NASL. They were desperately short of money and gave every appearance of a club about to collapse. The situation was saved when a merger was arranged with another Toronto club, Toronto Croatia. And almost immediately another problem arose.

The newly-salvaged club went off to play a pre-season game in Chicago where they found themselves referred to as . . . the Toronto Metros. Roars of indignant rage and an ultimatum to the NASL: either they were to be known as the Toronto Metros-Croatia or the merger was off. This, mind you, with the start of the NASL only a week or so away. Reluctantly, the NASL gave way, though Commissioner Phil Woosnam's attitude at the time certainly left me in no doubt that he felt the situation should be corrected as soon as possible.

But nothing has changed. Even though the compilers of the NASL press releases seem to go out of their way to avoid mentioning the dread words, the name of the club is still the Toronto Metros-Croatia. It seems there is nothing in the NASL constitution specifically forbidding the use of ethnic or nationalistic names, though I gather there is a move afoot to amend the constitution. This will evidently prevent future problems, but it will probably leave the Metros-Croatia untouched. A nice solution would be for the club themselves to drop the Croatia from their title.

Somehow, I don't think that is too likely. Last season when I met their coach, Ivan Markovic, I was told he was the "former coach of the Croatian Olympic team". It sounds unreal, it is unreal, because the ethnic soccer groups inhabit a fantasy world that has little connection with the realities of America or American soccer. Perhaps a fairy-story is the best way to reveal the fanciful nature of that world . . .

GARDNER

STLY soccer league

Unluckily beaten 0-10 in their first game, the team fought back to gain narrow 0-9 and 0-8 losses in their next two games. The tour was just beginning to excite the comments of the European experts (*Corriere della Sera* said "It is a long time since we have seen football of the level played by the Columbians," while the London *Times* called the team's play "simply unbelievable") when the squad ran out of clean shirts and had to return home.

The players were welcomed back at one of the famous USELESS Automat banquets, a heady occasion marred only by the delegate who asked if there were any truth to rumours that the Columbians had not been playing national teams at all, but only Under-14 Schoolboy squads. The manager was sent for and the offending delegate was escorted from the premises amid an atmosphere of frigid opprobrium. After that the team manager gave a glowing report on the progress of the tour, with vivid details of how his boys had been enthusiastically whistled at (a well-known European sign of respect, it seems) by the literally dozens of spectators who had attended each game. His oratory so inspired the meeting that, even before he sat down, he had been appointed the new USELESS Press Officer.

The triumphal tour of Europe was somewhat clouded by a curious trend that had become apparent during some BEASTLY league games. An increasing number of players seemed to be more interested in kicking opponents than the ball. Isolated instances of fisticuffs had been reported and, of less importance but probably worth mentioning, one or two referees had been punched. A meeting of the BEASTLY Rules Committee was hastily called and reported back that, as far as they could make out, all of these practices seemed to be illegal. However, it was felt that attempting to correct the situation might antagonize some of the players, or the coaches, or the fans, or someone, so the Committee's recommendation was that nothing be done about it. They added, sanguinely, that this sort of thing tended to find its own level, which it quickly did, flowering in stages from mere brawls to full-scale riots and finally rising to the giddy heights of a genuine homicide. The delegate who facetiously suggested that some sort of disciplinary measures might be required was instantly excommunicated.

Another puzzle for the BEASTLY League revolved around the strange attitude of the press, whose interest in BEASTLY matters was clearly less than ecstatic. The delegate who wondered if the total lack of press facilities at the BEASTLY stadium, let alone a telephone, might have something to do with it, was warned that a further outburst of such nonsense would lead to his being ruled out of order. A telegram, to be sent to all newspapers, was drafted by one of the South American delegates who, showing a quite astonishing command of his adopted Columbian language, couched it in earthy slang terms which it was thought would certainly appeal to sports editors. It read:

HEY YOU BUMS WHAT FOR YOU NO COVER OUR BEASTLY LEAGUE HUH? Everybody agreed that it was one of the cleverest things they had ever read, and the South American delegate was appointed the new BEASTLY Press Officer right away.

Another problem that had to be faced in those early days was that some USELESS members and even a BEASTLY delegate or two were tainted with a proselytizing urge. Their extraordinary idea was to introduce soccer to Columbians to see if they might not want to play it too. Fortunately, there was not much sympathy for lunacy of this sort, but to be on the safe side, an ingenious scheme was devised to deter those Columbians who might show any interest. This consisted of giving the BEASTLY League teams obviously foreign — and preferably unpronounceable — names. As the Italian delegate put it "What Columbian would want to see the Argentinian-Croatians play the Sicilian-Greeks, heh heh?" His observation was greeted with a standing ovation and he was appointed the new BEASTLY Press Officer without further ado. In this clever way the terrible threat of Columbian involvement in soccer was kept at bay, and the BEASTLY League was able to go its own sweet, chosen, ethnic way.

Borussia claim 'we wuz robbed' in Madrid

by Arthur Rotmil

THERE IS no equivalent in the German language to that classic English term "We wuz robbed", but in any case the West German Press and millions of fans across the country were disposed to use a much stronger expression to describe the shabby treatment apparently meted out to Borussia Mönchengladbach in the European Cup.

It will be remembered that the German champions drew 2-2 at home and 1-1 away with Real Madrid and thus went out on the away goals rule, in the quarter-final. But it was the handling of the return match by the Dutch referee Leonardus van der Kroft — who disallowed two Borussia goals — which unleashed a storm not only in Germany, but also in many neutral countries. It was comparable to the wave of resentment which swept the Continent following the incredible award of the third goal to England by Swiss referee Dienst in the World Cup final at Wembley in 1966.

Offences

What happened in Madrid? Referee Van der Kroft was accused of biased attitude towards the German players throughout the game and he did in fact book Vogts, Danner and Stielike, whilst several Spaniards escaped with a mere wag of the finger for similar offences.

But the bone of contention was really the refusal of the two "goals" — the first by Jensen (70 mins.) who was adjudged to have been offside and the second by Wittkamp (81 mins.), when apparently another German player had handled the ball earlier. The fact that Jensen had to dribble past a Madrid defender before shooting home and therefore could not have been in an offside position, pointed to a bad decision. But to disallow the second score when Wittkamp forced the ball over the line clearly was, to say the least, quite inexplicable.

WEST GERMAN NEWSLETTER

To be fair to Van der Kroft: he did point to the centre signalling a goal for Borussia. But then, the celebrating German players froze in their jubilant poses when they spotted the linesman with his flag raised. After a consultation Van der Kroft dismissed all appeals and cancelled the goal. There were only nine minutes left for play . . .

What was incredible, however, was the fact that the referee was nearer to the Spanish goal than the linesman, and therefore should not have accepted his view, but ought to have stuck to his original decision.

Naturally, Borussia lodged a strong protest with UEFA, but of course this was rejected, since the referee's decision must be regarded as final. And thus, after being eliminated by Inter-Milan in 1971, because UEFA ordered the match to be replayed (after Borussia had won 7-1), now the German champions again feel aggrieved, at having been put out from the premier competition under more than dubious circumstances.

Gerd Muller scores for Bayern Munich against Real Madrid in Madrid during the first leg of their European Cup semi final tie.

Outcome

Even the Spanish Press admitted that Borussia had been the better team, although they did not think that the referee had influenced the outcome of the tie. Not so the German media, who produced filmed evidence of Van der Kroft apparently siding with Real Madrid. Even the German quality papers and some of the most respected journalists talked of bribery and cheating . . .

Following these highly emotional debates a Research Institute concerned with public opinion in West Germany, carried out a snap poll among 1,722 football fans with these startling results: 89 per cent of those asked what they thought of the referee's handling of the match were convinced that he had been bribed! Six per cent answered "don't know" and only five per cent thought the ref was not "bought" by Real Madrid!

Gerd Muller of Bayern Munich is helped from the pitch after being hit by spectators at the end of the European Cup semi final match in Madrid.

On the whole the Spanish club was not directly attacked in the media — perhaps just as well, for in the next round, in the semi-finals, it was Bayern Munich who were drawn against Real! And in the European Championship quarter-finals West Germany are now facing Spain . . .

Bemused

Borussia's tragic experiences in Madrid obviously affected the morale of the team. Three days later they crashed in the *Bundesliga* to their fierce rivals Bayern by 4-0! Before a capacity crowd of 74,500 in Munich's Olympic stadium, Bayern, the very much in-form team ran rings around the bemused champions. That was incidentally the second full house in Munich within three days, for earlier Bayern put up "sold out" notices before dismissing Benfica in the European Cup by 5-1.

Following their pairing with Real Madrid the Munich club has received 150,000 applications for tickets! And this despite the fact that specially raised admission prices ranged from £2 to £10! Quite clearly the return to fitness and form by Gerd Müller and Uli Hoeness have been instrumental in Bayern's newly found strength and confidence. Captain Franz Beckenbauer says: "We are now playing as well as we have done in the past three years."

And it just goes to show how wrong even the most experienced experts in football can be. For only a few weeks ago, while they hailed Borussia Mönchengladbach as the best team in Europe, Bayern were being dismissed as a bunch of "has-beens"! Now exactly the reverse is true, or at least appears to be, according to the same sources. Borussia's critics have suddenly "discovered", that a number of their key players were beginning to show their age and are nearing retirement . . .

Borussia's defeats in the championship have made the title race exciting again. After establishing a five-point lead at the end of February, the Gladbacher saw this advantage melt away to just one point at the end of March. With eight matches to go Hamburger SV were lying second, but were still involved in the UEFA-Cup, which put an additional strain on their stamina.

The UEFA-Cup, for which West Germany (together with England and Italy), are allowed to enter the maximum of four teams, has for some clubs proved quite lucrative, so that the battles for higher places in the Bundesliga should continue unabated till the end of the campaign (June 12) and contribute to better gates.

Slammed

For the national side the two quarter-final ties against Spain will test above all the more recently drafted players like defender Dietz, midfielders Danner and Stielike, plus the new centre forward hope Ronnie Worm. No changes are expected in the side which in its last two games slammed Turkey by 5-0 (away!) and Malta by 8-0 (home).

In the aftermath of the Bundesliga bribery scandal eight players, including five currently still with Schalke, have been fined various sums of money ranging from £700 to £1,660 for committing perjury — "unwittingly", as the court of law took generously into consideration in its judgment. They had accepted bribes to throw Schalke's League match to help relegation threatened Arminia Bielefeld in April 1971. Subsequently, they each produced a sworn affidavit that they did not take any money.

Eventually, brought to trial, all of them confessed and got off lightly in view of the fact that perjury usually carries a jail sentence! Not so with the DFB. According to their regulations, a professional footballer in West Germany must be of "good character" before he is issued with a licence as a paid player!

Tribunal

Now the Football Federation has decided that these footballers have offended against the rules and they have taken their licences away. Notwithstanding, the players have lodged an appeal to an independent tribunal, which will give its verdict in the near future. Meanwhile the players can continue with their clubs.

The culprits are Rüssmann, Libuda, Lütkebohmert, Sobieray and Fischer all of Schalke, Senger (Rotweiss Essen), Galbierz (Wuppertaler SV) and Wittkamp (Borussia Mönchengladbach). The two men still to be dealt with by the courts are Slomiany and Fichtel (Schalke).

And to think that these highly paid stars have thus jeopardised their careers for a miserly £400 each . . .

HAIL MOSELEY

IT'S BEEN a great season for many of the big names in British soccer. Almost an equally good one for youngsters with time to spare for manoeuvring into the top spots as Father Time takes the annual toll of those who can look back.

Having made that point, let's proceed. We'll spotlight one of the new generation, a boy whose ambitions have materialised without complete fulfilment — Graham Moseley, of Derby County.

Hardly anybody outside that famous engineering centre, where they still remember with warmth such greats as Tommy Cooper, Billy Steel, Peter Doherty, Sammy Crooks, Raich Carter and Leon Leuty, had ever heard of this young six-footer until last winter.

And, to be brutally frank, the subject itself didn't even know the way to the peculiarly-named Baseball Ground, when the late-lamented Brian Clough took one of those famous chances and paid nearly £20,000 for a goalkeeper without a grading.

Everybody in the business considered the price more than steep. I remember checking the boy's credentials, at the time, because, after all, he was only the *third* choice for the No. 1 spot, on the books of Blackburn Rovers, then struggling in the Second Division.

Derby themselves were slow in paying much attention to this teenager who, as one season after another, came and went without the chance of a first team debut, began wondering if he'd made the wrong move.

Where would he have preferred to go? There's an easy answer to that one for someone born within the proverbial stone's throw of Old Trafford, and, for good measure, a Manchester United schoolboy fanatic.

Bobby Charlton, Denis Law, Pat Crerand, George Best, Nobby Stiles and Alex Stepney were the chart toppers for Graham, while elbowing a way to an uninterrupted view from the Stretford End.

Cheers

Mostly, both eyes were pinned on Stepney, and the match was always a good one when United's 'keeper was on form, and winning the cheers when pulling 'em down, and tipping 'em round the corners and over the top.

In those far-off days, he was a dreamer, like all of us are on odd occasions. Sandwiched on the terraces, just behind the netting, he had an eyeful of every shot as the ball flew goalward. And when Stepney effected a great save Graham imagined himself doing just the same.

The United star became the hero, and, in truth, the yardstick for a teenage goalkeeper in embryo. Even more so when Alex added his signature to the youngster's well-worn autograph book.

Always there was the hope that one day Matt Busby might see him operating between the sticks, recognise the potential, and hurry round to the old homestead with the registration forms.

But life rarely behaves according to one's personal whims. The United boss never saw his playing. Instead, a Blackburn scout turned up at the front door with a winning chat. The boy went to the Lancashire cotton town, yet never made the first team!

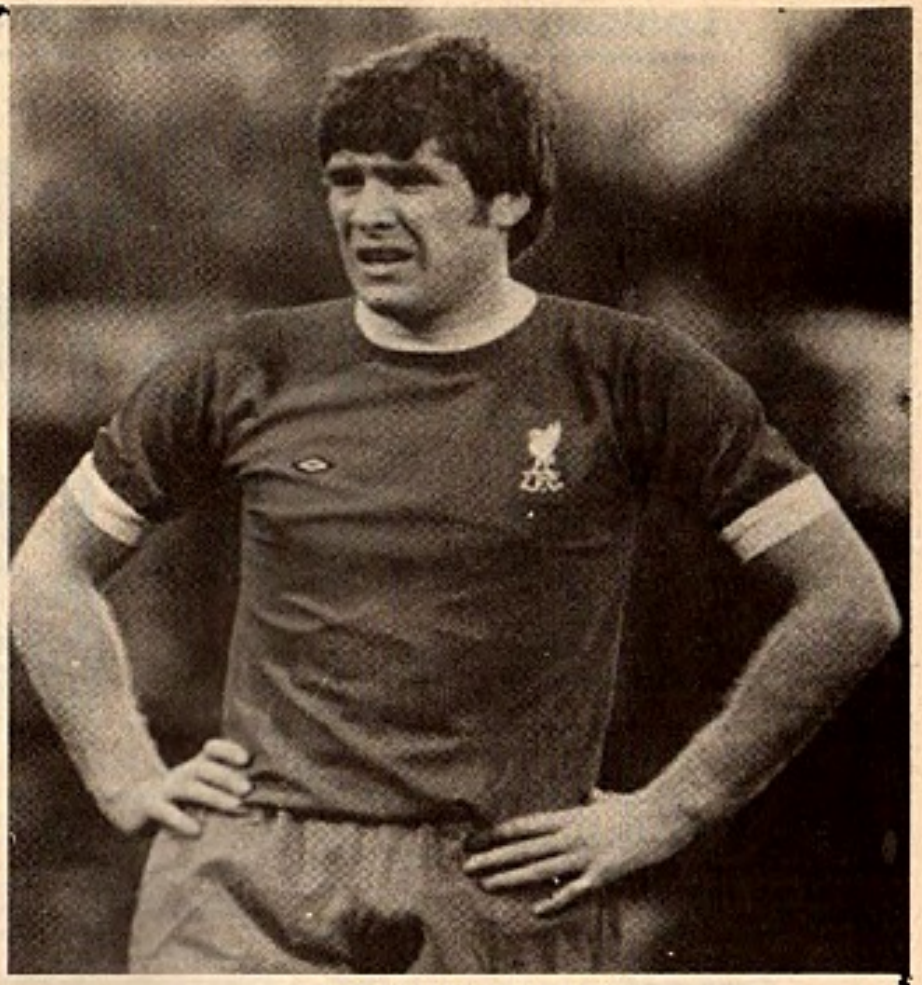
So what do you know? Derby cooled after paying good money in the days when Mr. Wilson's pound in your pocket was almost worth half, and kept him waiting in The Stiffs for over four years. It was enough to break anyone's heart.

The luck changed at last. Finally, he moved up into a League permanency, this winter, sharing the joys and sorrows with such as David Nish, Bruce Rioch, Roy MacFarland, Colin Todd, Charlie George, Leighton James, Archie Gemmill and Kevin Hector.

Then Graham Moseley was offered a spot in Don Revie's Under-23 squad, and nobody knows where that may lead to. Perhaps to the very summit of his ambitions?

Derby County goalkeeper Graham Moseley in action against Manchester United.

Eric Thornton's Soccer Notebook



Emlyn Hughes of Liverpool.

Hughes set for his 500

THE NUMBER'S 500. Always an impressive figure. Certainly one that calls for special celebration when it annotates the individual performance at the highest levels of the game of no less a person than the likeable Emlyn Hughes.

Now, there's a player. And, additionally, one who not only ignored all the sporting guidelines of parental success on the field, but also achieved the summit through just his own hard school of experience.

Liverpool, as so often seems to happen, were the lucky club. For they were in at almost the beginning of the former England skipper's career, prising him from the home surroundings of a family that was dedicated to the handling code.

But we'll do the right thing and return to the start. Let's meet Dad — Fred 'Ginger' Hughes, a man of the Welsh Valleys, who played the Union game for Llanelli before moving up the West Coast to the old shipyard town of Barrow, and winning a spot in Great Britain's Rugby League squad.

Toughness

When David, the first born, followed the trail and joined Blackpool's rugger outfit, there were high hopes that the younger brother would do so, too, especially after developing the necessary frame and toughness.

Emlyn, however, had other ideas, and Dad got to wondering whether he might be joining the 'soft boys' of soccer. Which is precisely what happened just a short while before William Shankly turned up, talked, then handed over a one-way ticket for Merseyside.

The family gradually developed a warmer love for the round ball, and was finally converted when Emlyn, with a red-and-white scarf wrapped around his neck to frame a matching smile, did the light fantastic up the steps to the Royal Box to receive the F.A. Cup from Princess Anne.

That was in May of 1974, when Newcastle United were on the receiving end of a 3-0 defeat by a Liverpool team which, after being champions for a year, had finished in the runners-up spot that same month.

Dad was suitably impressed. He felt even prouder a mere seven days afterwards when the boyo was back on the very same pitch and again, if you please, finishing a winner — as the all-conquering captain of England.

Mr. Hughes, the Welshman, who had always backed his particular national teams for decades, changed loyalties for that brief afternoon, and enjoyed the performance of an athletic son, even though the offspring was then leading ENGLAND to victory over his beloved PRINCIPALITY.

For Emlyn's money, Dad has been a good supporter of the England cause, and I must agree because, believe it or not, Mr. and Mrs. Hughes have travelled almost to the four corners for extra glimpses of that Lions rampant motif.

They went to the World Cup finals in Mexico, and didn't complain though their boy never got a game, and then flew out to Portugal for more international fixtures.

These are happy days for Emlyn. The fact that the Anfielders made a profit of nearly £100,000, last year, was additionally pleasing, yet nothing like so satisfying as the day the Reds won the Cup.

Anyway, now he is a proud member of Liverpool's exclusive 500 Club. Nominated in earlier years have been such experienced operators Tommy Smith, Chris Lawler, and, of course, Ian Callaghan, who just keeps rolling along like Old Father Thames.

It's just over nine years since a cheque for £60,000 effected a record transfer from Bloomfield Road, and the value of that bargain deal can be assessed from the fact that the club games Emlyn Hughes has missed can be counted on the fingers of one of his hands!

That fantastic and lengthy record provides yet another sound reason for saying that they don't come any better than this soccer son of an old Rugby League star!

Looking at soccer with BRIAN GLANVILLE

TIME FOR NOSTALGIC WALLOW . . .

THE INSERTION by Gigi Peronace, once a player-agent, now a businessman in London and the representative here of the Italian F.A., of a photograph of a 1944 British Forces team in the SUN has led to a fine nostalgic wallow. As one who saw his first professional match only two years before — England v Scotland on the snow at Wembley, Jimmy Hagan scoring the first goal, England winning 3-0 — I have been particularly intrigued. All sorts of once familiar, and half familiar, figures have swum across one's consciousness, from Ray Westwood to the once renowned Norman Adcock, the serving soldier who stayed on in Italy to become a First Division player with Padova and Triestina: I had long wondered what became of him.

The British Army team had played Reggina, of Reggio Calabria, right down in the toe of Italy, on the Straits of Messina, drawing 0-0. Gigi, at 19, was Reggina's goalkeeper who, despite his lack of height, seemingly excelled himself that day. The British team was a useful one, with Westwood its star.

Creamed

How well I remember, in 1943, being given by a kindly tennis coach, living near my boarding school, a copy of the *Topical Times* sporting handbook for 1935.

Westwood was chosen as one of the five outstanding sportsmen of the year. *Eheu, fugaces!* A cap against Scotland, said the text, was still considered the hall mark of a good player; and Westwood had just achieved it. He was "no mere schemer without powder and shell." That season, he helped Bolton out of the Second Division; accompanied by Brentford, an inside-left of classic W formation qualities, his hair creamed down and parted, in the contemporary footballer's fashion, straight down the middle.

I can remember seeing him play only once: at Highbury in, if I am not mistaken, 1947, when, by his own recent admission, the pace had gone. Today, he is back in the Midlands in his native Brierley Hill — I do not have to look up the record books to remember that his original team was Brierley Hill Alliance. He'll be travelling to Italy with Peronace when the new, modestly diminished, Anglo-Italian tournament is played early this summer. It's interesting to read that Walter Winterbottom, England's former team manager and a Manchester United centre-half when Westwood was playing, calls him the best forward of his time. Westwood himself confers that distinction on Jimmy Greaves, but with all my admiration for Jimmy, my respect for Westwood, I cannot agree.

When the chips were well and truly down, in two successive World Cups, Jimmy did not succeed, and if the hall mark of a fine player may, in the remote past, have been a cap for England against Scotland or vice versa, today it must surely be success in a World Cup.

Norman Adcock was not playing in that team in Reggina, but the photograph prompted him to write Peronace an absorbing letter. He recalls that he signed for Padova — Padua to you — in 1946 when the manager was Serantoni; Italy's right-half when they won the 1938 World Cup. I fear there is also reason to believe he was also the player who smashed Eddie Hapgood's nose with a deliberate blow of the elbow in the infamous Battle of Highbury in November, 1934, then laughed at the Arsenal left-back when he appeared, his nose heavily bandaged, at the banquet that evening. "I'm glad I'm a pretty even tempered fellow," Hapgood wrote in his autobiography, "or I'd have gone over the table at him." However.

Concluded

Padova were a Second Division club then, and Adcock helped them to gain promotion to Serie A in 1947/8, spent a third season with them there, and was transferred to Triestina in 1949. At that time Nereo Rocco, who seems just about to sever his connection with Milan definitively, was the Trieste manager; it was, of course, his local and original club.

From Triestina Adcock moved on to Treviso, eventually returning to England to play non-League football for a couple of seasons with Peterborough United, before a knee injury concluded his career. "I look back on my career in Italy with great pride and satisfaction," he writes, "and often wonder how all my old team mates are getting on, especially the people of Padova, who were so good to me." He himself now lives in Ranmoor, Sheffield.

Things Italian are very much to the fore in English football now that England must play Italy three times in the near future; first in New York in the Bicentennial Tournament, then next November in a World Cup qualifying match in Italy, finally at Wembley the following November, in the same competition. I have seen a good deal of my old friend Enzo Bearzot, the new Italian team manager, on his recent visits to England to observe our likely international players.

He is not particularly optimistic; but then, nor am I. True, Italy are still struggling to find a team, even if their recent results in friendly matches have swiftly and comprehensively improved since their disastrous defeat in Nice; but what have England to offer?

Veterans

Bearzot laments that there is, so to speak, a missing generation. There can be no question of recalling the distinguished veterans although, as he indignantly says, there has been extreme and irresponsible pressure on him to do so, there is a good deal of talent among the very young players, but a failure to assert itself among the current crop. Much of this, as he explains, may be connected with the appalling tension imposed on Italian international players by the Press, which tends to write facetiously and for its masters, promoting those players who belong to the local club.

Much hope still resides in Giancarlo Antognoni of Fiorentina, while Tardelli, who joined Juventus from Como only last summer, has done extremely well at right-back in these training games. A great disappointment, however, has been another young Juventus player, the sweeper, Gaetano Scirea, who has been

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International Microscope

HUNGARY by Eric Batty

Austria for Jubilee

CELEBRATING their 75th Jubilee this year the Hungarian FA is planning to stage their 500th official international match against their old opponent, Austria. Starting in 1901 when the FA was formed with 13 clubs, they played their first full international against Austria in October, 1902, and were beaten 5-0. However, the Austrians had the edge because they had got off the mark more than a year earlier with a 4-0 win over Switzerland and had been playing representative games, for example Vienna v Prague since 1899.

Over the years the Hungarians have played their neighbours as regularly as England have played Scotland and after that first reversal they soon made good the deficit. The two sides had some tremendous battles, not least in the thirties when Hungary also had a fine team at the period when Austria's *Wunderteam* were carrying all before them. Now the record against Austria has swung firmly in Hungary's favour as the figures above clearly show.

Even so it is only in the last forty years that the derby totals have swung in the Hungarians' favour with the decline of Austrian football. When the two sides met in their 100th clash back in 1955, which fittingly ended 2-2, Hungary had won 47, drawn 23 and lost 30. Since then their local superiority has become even more pronounced, winning 12, drawing three and losing only four times.

Over the years the Hungarian game has thrown up many stars, one of the earliest being Imre Schlosser who played for Ferencvaros and MTK and earned a startling 72 full caps at a time when national sides were playing only half the games they play nowadays. This record stood for years until it was ended by Ferenc Puskas in the 1950's and no mention of Hungarian football would be complete with a reference to two great players, Dr. Gyorgy Sarosi and Gyula Zsengeller.

Since the days of Schlesser, Sarosi and Zsengeller, however, the Hungarians produced a string of figures that overshadowed them all not perhaps for their individual ability but for their impact on the world game and their collective performances.

Though they had plenty of purple patches before, the golden era of Hungarian football began in 1950 when they began to assemble the Kocis-Hidegkuti-Puskas team which was based on the Army team Honved and MTK (then known as Voros Loboga, or in English, Red Banner). Between June, 1950, and November, 1955, the Hungarians played 51 games; won the 1952 Olympic Gates title in Helsinki, won no fewer than 43 matches, drew seven and lost only one.

Tragically, that lone defeat came in the most important game of all, the 1954 World Cup final in Berne but despite a continuous downpour it had all started so well, with Hungary taking an early 2-0 lead.

	P	W	D	L	Goals F	Goals A
Albania	2	2	0	0	15	0
Argentina	1	0	1	0	0	0
Austria	119	59	26	34	271	224
Belgium	6	2	0	4	12	13
Brazil	3	2	1	0	7	3
Bulgaria	17	11	4	2	49	16
Chile	3	1	1	1	6	9
Croatia	3	1	2	0	3	2
Czechoslovakia	40	19	11	10	97	75
Denmark	8	6	1	1	29	6
Egypt (UAR)	5	3	1	1	9	5
England	7	5	0	2	21	13
Finland	6	6	0	0	34	4
France	16	11	2	3	43	19
Germany, East	12	7	2	3	24	14
Germany, West	25	9	6	10	58	60
Greece	1	1	0	0	11	1
Holland	7	4	2	1	20	12
Indies, Dutch East	1	1	0	0	6	0
Ireland, Republic	7	4	3	0	20	12
Italy	25	7	7	11	45	46
Korea, North	1	1	0	0	7	0
Lebanon	1	1	0	0	4	1
Luxembourg	4	4	0	0	25	5
Malta	2	2	0	0	5	0
Mexico	1	1	0	0	4	0
Morocco	2	2	0	0	6	2
Norway	6	5	0	1	24	3
Poland	19	16	1	2	69	20
Portugal	4	0	1	3	3	10
Rumania	13	10	3	0	43	12
Russia	2	2	0	0	21	0
El Salvadore	1	1	0	0	3	1
Scotland	5	2	2	1	12	10
Spain	4	0	0	4	3	8
Sweden	29	14	8	7	76	55
Switzerland	32	25	2	5	109	45
Turkey	3	2	0	1	10	5
Uruguay	3	1	2	0	6	4
USSR	11	2	3	6	9	15
Wales	7	2	2	3	10	11
Yugoslavia	24	12	8	4	47	31
	488	266	102	120	1276	772

The Hungarians' road to the pinnacle of world football really began six months earlier when they had gone to Wembley as unknowns, beat England 6-3 which was the first defeat England had suffered at home to a foreign side in their long history and next day, the 'Magical Magyars' made headlines across the sporting pages of the world. Only the English were surprised when, before the 1954 World Cup got under way, the Hungarians hammered a new, younger England out of sight, beating them this time by 7-1 in Budapest.

Then in the World Cup they reached the final the hard way, beating two of the favourites, the 1950 finalists, Brazil, 4-2 in the quarter finals; Uruguay, 4-2, after extra time, playing both games without Puskas who had been injured in a preliminary round, 4-1 win over West Germany.

Hot favourites

Perhaps only Brazil four years earlier had ever started a World Cup final as hotter favourites and the quality of the Hungarian football at that time had won them friends and admirers throughout the world. Indeed, only Brazil seemed unwilling to accept a defeat against Hungary as inevitable . . . Brazil and West Germany.

Two-nought down in the pouring rain but with at least half the Wankdorf stadium's 65,000 capacity behind them, the Germans fought back. The achievements of Bozsik, Grosics, Puskas, Kocsis and Hidegkuti were legend, but the West Germans produced heroes of their own that day. Though the burly right winger Helmut Rahn did a lot of damage it was Werner Liebrich at centre half, the pillar in a defence that suddenly became inspired and above all, in midfield their captain Fritz Walter who carried the day.

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by Keir Radnedge

ANASTASI FINISHED W

CALCIO IS still trying to catch its breath over the astonishing collapse of champions Juventus. Beaten three times in a row they have squandered a five-point lead and are now second, one point adrift of neighbours Torino.

Juve, who had lost only once since the start of the season — to Torino — ran aground at Cesena in March and have yet to catch the tide. Since then they've gone down to Torino again in the derby and been beaten by Internazionale. Added to that, there's unrest in the squad, with Pietro Anastasi dropped and set for a big-money transfer.

The defeat at Cesena, to Pippo Marchioro's surprise team, was all the more remarkable in that Juve were ahead at the interval, thanks to an 11th-minute individual effort from 25-year-old Giuseppe Damiani, and looked likely to add a few more.

But the determining factor was the absence, through injury, of stopper Francesco Morini. Luciano Spinosi, former international full back, deputised in the centre of defence and was badly at fault twice in the second half. Once in the 48th minute, once on the hour. Each mistake was vital — for they allowed veteran centre forward Giuliano Bertarelli to whip left wing crosses past Dino Zoff from close range.

Zoff was probably the most realistic afterwards. While the majority of his team-mates and even coach Carlo Parola played down the defeat, Zoff said: "This was a serious setback. It could damage our morale for the derby next week, and that could really open up the title challenge."

For, while Juve were going down to Cesena, Gigi Radice's young side were beating Roma easier than the 1-0 scoreline suggests. Franco Graziani got the goal, to total 12 for the season, second only in the scorers' list to club-mate Paolino Pulici.

National team boss Enzo Bearzot was in the stands to see a performance which prompted Roma manager Nils Liedholm to forecast that Torino would win the derby as well.

A day or two later the Anastasi affair blew up. Pietro has spent half his eight years with Juventus grumbling about one thing or another. The presence of Jose Altafini in the squad since 1972 had kept him playing on his nerves and the addition of another useful forward, Roberto Gori, during the summer had done nothing to calm him or improve his opinion of Parola.

"Parola has always said to me I couldn't get back in the team if I wasn't 100 per cent fit," said Anastasi. "But, for instance, there was one player at Cesena who played even though he'd only been able to train five or six times in the past couple of weeks. That's not fair to me."

Where now?

The player referred to was midfielder Giuseppe Furino. But it wasn't a good example. Furino, along with Damiani, had been Juventus' best player. The same evening Anastasi was called to a meeting with president Giampiero Boniperti. It was announced afterwards that he had been "rested" for a week.

Anastasi said: "Boniperti understands my position. I've finished with Juventus. It's sad, but the way things are I don't want to stay."

So where now for this talented, if grumpy, centre forward? First thoughts are immediately of Inter. They nearly signed Anastasi, who is now 28, when he was about to leave Varese for the then world record fee of £500,000 back in 1968. So confident were Inter, that Anastasi even played a friendly for them before Juve stepped in.

Anastasi, were he to settle, would be a valuable purchase, taking a lot of weight off Sandro Mazzola and Roberto Boninsegna and, with his clever control and intelligent meandering and positioning, setting up many chances for Giacomo Libera, another ex-Varesino, whose first season in the big-time has been spoiled by injury.

Sandro Mazzola (Italy) with Karl Odermatt (Switzerland)

SAYS HE IS ITH JUVENTUS

ITALY

Anyway, come the vital Sunday a capacity 70,000 paying a record £130,000 saw Juve stagger closer to disaster, beaten 2-1 and now just one point clear of their rivals. Torina couldn't have wished for a better start. An own goal by Antonello Cuccureddu further upset Juve morale and by the interval the terrier-like Graziani had added a second.

Juve fought back in the second half. Roberto Bettega hit the bar, then headed in what was to prove a mere consolation goal. By the end it was Torino, through the breakaways of Graziani and Pulici, who looked the more dangerous.

Not only had this victory reopened the championship race, it also provided Torino with the double over Juventus, and the early-season derby had also ended 2-1 in their favour. Not that this was necessarily a good omen. Torino did the double in 1972-73, winning 2-1 and 2-0, but it was Juventus who won the title. Funnily enough we have to go back to 1957-58 to find two derby successes for Juventus.

And they still hadn't heard the last of this latest defeat — their third of the season. On April Fools' Day the league banned Juve from the Stadio Municipale for one game and cancelled Bettega's goal because of hooliganism. It wasn't so much the continual stream of fire-crackers which did the damage. Rather it was the coin which struck Torino goal-keeper Luciano Castellini in the face as the teams were coming off at the end.

Consecutive

Now it was imperative for Juventus to hold out in San Siro, the next Sunday, against Inter to restore battered team spirit. And, for 80 minutes, despite a growing list of injury problems, hold out they did. But that wasn't long enough. Mazzola found space for virtually the only time in the match, and from his pass Mario Bertini clipped the only goal of the game. Juve were beaten, for a third consecutive time, and when they returned to the dressing rooms it was to the news that they had been overtaken. Torino were now on top, having beaten Milan 2-1.

Again, this time in the rain, the vital goal fell to Graziani. Salvatore Garritano made it 2-0 with nine minutes to go and Milan could only reply through Egidio Calloni's penalty in injury time.

What a turnabout for the Turin rivals — reminiscent of a decade ago, when Inter overhauled Milan who were at one stage seven points ahead.

Elsewhere it was a typical Italian Sunday. Six other games, and four of them ended in draws. Among these games Napoli were held 0-0 at Ascoli. Napoli are now fifth and coach Luis Vinicio is being hauled before the disciplinary commission for being too outspoken after a game in Milan.

Doomed Cagliari surprised everyone by hanging on 0-0 at Cesena, and Lazio were held 1-1 at home by Verona. Lazio are 11th, but it's only goal difference keeping them out of the bottom three. The latest trouble over Giorgio Chinaglia hasn't helped. He skipped retiro and was involved in a scuffle with a "fan" at a nightclub. Still, he will shortly be leaving Lazio for good. The New York Cosmos have apparently agreed to pay £200,000 and that could well be the signal for a general clear-out this summer by the 1974 champions.

There will be changes too across the city with Roma. Liedholm, after clinging precariously to his post, seems set to move on and another trainer on the move will probably be Bruno Pesaola, who has done extremely well to hold Bologna together over the past four years, negotiating all the pitfalls of transfers and retirements with rare skill.

His name has been linked with Inter, where Beppe Chiappella seems to be involved in a never-ending dialogue with president Ivanoe Fraizzoli about his future. One very interesting move at Inter has seen the elevation of Sandro Mazzola onto the board. At the moment Mazzola owes his place to the fact that he is captain, but it's no secret that on his retirement there is a place high up in the hierarchy for him.

And, while delving into the politics of *Calcio*, it seems that at last Artemio Franchi is to stand down as FA president. It's seemed anomalous, ever since he took the top UEFA job, that he should hold both posts, but now he is about to give someone else a chance. That "someone else" will be league president Franco Carraro. The only problem will be finding someone to follow Carraro, a very able administrator.

Also among the top brass, Italo Allodi has taken over as head of the FA's technical section, whatever that may involve, and all these changes could result in the overthrow of national team supervisor Fulvio Bernardini who has been steadily pushed aside since the cautious promotion of Bearzot to full charge of the *Azzurri*.

It'll be fascinating to see what kind of a team Bearzot leads to the United States for the bicentennial celebrations tournament with England and Brazil as main rivals. If the recent friendlies with Nice and Zurich are any guide, the players won't be the least bit interested and won't put themselves out at all.

Bearzot's problem is that a heavy defeat by England, meaningless on the surface, could give Don Revie a psychological advantage when the World Cup comes round and the Italians place great stress on the psychological aspect. Too much certainly, for their own good.

● *Continued from page 36*

lacking in his defensive duties, and far less able to go effectively forward than when he is playing for Juventus.

Bearzot is a large, dark, humorous, impulsive man, refulgently honest, even idealistic. Born in the North East, like so many Italian footballers, he was going to study classics at University, but turned professional footballer instead, spending most of his career as a right-half with Internazionale and Torino, and being capped by Italy.

He has never been a club manager; any more than Mike Smith of Wales. My own feeling is that it doesn't matter: Mike Smith, indeed, seems to have demonstrated that it doesn't even matter that one hasn't been a professional footballer. If Bearzot's own academic career was truncated, there is consolation in the achievements of his daughter, who attends the Catholic University of Milan and, after attaining high marks in Latin and Greek, is now studying . . . Sanskrit!

With Scirea proving insufficient and Bini of Inter still a little too green, Giacinto Facchetti remains the sweeper of the Italian team; which means inevitably the old, cautious *catenaccio*, rather than the Bayern-Ajax kind with its fluid, attacking sweeper. Not that this is any consolation for England, with its largely inept attacking performances under Revie — inept goalkeeping paved the way to those illusory five goals against the Scots.

Bearzot admires English football for its heart and honesty and stamina, but politely qualifies his praise by pointing out that what we achieve in rhythm we tend to sacrifice in subtlety. Tactically, too, there is reason to believe he finds us lovably naive. When he expressed astonishment that West Ham, torn to pieces at Upton Park by Liverpool, never put a man on the irrepressible Kevin Keegan, there was a kind of awed wonder in his words.

Young talent developing in America

by Ken Goldman

I WAS reminded a while ago of the work put in by such excellent coaches as Phil Woosnam, Gordon Jago, George Curtis and Jackie Mansell over the past short few years in the USA when I played in Brian Glanville's Chelsea Casuals Sunday team alongside a young American lad over here on a short stay.

His technique was excellent and his passing, control and skills were such that one had to keep reminding oneself that this is the game which we have been exporting to America rather than it being their own national game.

I do not want to make this lad out to be some sort of world-beater but he was as good or better than his British counterparts of his age playing in this standard of football, which admittedly is nowhere near even the old fashioned senior amateur level.

However, it was the fact that the lad was at home playing the game that gave me heart and encouragement as to what is now happening in America at what everybody out there likes to call "grass-roots" level. I have been able to talk to several coaches who have been to the USA and returned here and they are all wildly enthusiastic about the prospects and indeed there is a great expectation that the game will go well at all levels.

In fact, FA staff coach Jackie Goodwin who has been to the States on a couple of occasions in recent years, wrote in *Soccer Coach* magazine, on returning from the USA and having attended coaching clinics there: "All aspects of the game were covered and we found that the young Americans have a love for football and a keenness and a desire to play it better."

Jackie was full of praise for what was going on and related some of the unusual terminology they use Statesside such as "boundary lines", "choke-up", "screw-up", "cut-behind", "curl" and "goal-tender", all of which are a little strange to our ears and eyes but nevertheless seem to enhance the game over there.

The coaching manual scene also seems to be achieving a foothold and I have seen excellent books on technique and skill by Paul Gardner, and an ex-Austrian International star Hubert Vogelsinger. Phil Woosnam continues to produce top coaching material and the introduction of such stars as Pele, Rodney Marsh, George Best and Bobby Moore will do untold good.

As one knows, several English league players have appeared for American teams in their domestic soccer and I was sorry to see two of them the other week turn out for West Ham in only a reserve match with Spurs at White Hart Lane. I refer to Clyde Best and Ade Coka, the latter of whom scored a brilliant goal, but alas it was only in front of a handful of spectators.

Despite the icy conditions both coloured players were in excellent form and no doubt the cold thrusts of winter and the deserted terraces made them wish they were back in sunnier climes in the USA. However notwithstanding their excellent play they were outshone by a Spurs youngster who I am sure we will all be hearing a lot of in the years to come.

He is Glen Hoddle, a player of potentially supreme talent and one of the few around today at any level who is prepared to play most of the balls he receives off to others on the volley.

This most difficult skill he masters with consummate ease and allied to a breadth of vision which few of his contemporaries appear to have, mark him out for a brilliant future. Before anyone says "but he is only playing in reserve football" may I point out that when I watched him in Spurs Youth team he was outstanding, likewise in the reserves and in his only senior league game where he came on early as a sub, he showed the touches that I have described.

In fact there are now several young players around who threaten to make England in particular but British teams in general feared by all in world football.

Manchester United appear to have acquired a gem in Gordon Hill, Manchester City have already secured the excellent Denis Tueart have now brought through from their juniors Peter Barnes the son of one of their stars of yesteryear; Arsenal, despite lack of league and cup success, have blooded Irish youngsters David O'Leary and Frank Stapleton and have Liam, "Chippy" Brady turning in some great displays. In addition Chelsea have some youngsters to watch and so do Aston Villa, Ipswich and the two Manchester clubs I have already mentioned.

It may therefore be that the English speaking countries (with apologies where applicable to those in Scotland, Ireland, Wales and the USA who may take umbrage) are about to play a very important part in the world soccer scene. For Britain it will be a rebirth but for the USA it will mean that the baby whose birth occurred when they beat England 1-0 in Belo Horizonte in 1950 has developed from a post-natal depression into a happy bouncy and zestful child, with the prospect of a successful and prosperous future.

Rodney Marsh with Mr. T. Beauclare Rogers, owner of the Tampa Bay Rowdies team in the NASL.

TOUGH FOR WEST HAM

Peter Reichel of Eintracht Frankfurt covers his colleague Klaus Beverungen (5) as West Ham United's Keith Robson makes a challenge during the European Cup Winners Cup semi-final at Upton Park. West Ham won 3-1.

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course injuries have not aided the West Ham cause in the last half of the season which has seen their once cherished hopes of going for the league title dwindle into nothing and but for a sustained challenge in the first half of the season they might now be fighting off relegation.

In many ways European competition suits West Ham. They can play with the intelligence one expects from such a student of the game as Ron Greenwood and John Lyall who has taken over the team manager duties in the last couple of years has that Upton Park background which speaks for itself in this context.

Also at home in the close confines of the Boleyn Ground, opposing sides find the pressures and the support of the local side as something quite formidable and having played all their first leg games away, it has been of tremendous value in this respect.

On their day midfield players like Trevor Brooking and Graham Paddon, the vigorous encouragement by example and direction of skipper Billy Bonds and the goalkeeping of Mervyn Day form an encouraging basis for the onslaught to be produced in the cauldron of home fixtures.

It should not be forgotten that the support has been a constant and loyal factor over the years at West Ham whatever the results generally and in times when this is an aid to success on the field it has often proved the unnerving of visitors.

But of course the final is not in England let alone Upton Park. In fact being staged in Brussels is something like the reversal of the situation when the Hammers were last in the Cup Winners Cup Final in 1965.

Then the ultimate game was held at Wembley against TSV Munich 1860. This year Anderlecht will be playing in their own city not far from their own actual home ground.

Anderlecht have been not over impressive in the Cup Winners Cup. In fact their run compares less favourably with that of West Ham. Though they may yet finish as runners-up in the Belgian League, their performances in Europe apart from the semi-final have been not too clear-cut.

And against Third Division Wrexham they were hard pressed to get through in fact. Wrexham boss John Neal said that they were a good side and it was only because he had to do his homework well that his Welsh team came so close to causing an upset.

So on the score of homework, West Ham should be able to do equally as well as Wrexham. Naturally the final test requires something more in practice and Anderlecht will have the advantage of virtually playing at home as West Ham did in 1965.

Striker

The key figures in the Anderlecht side are probably left-wing striker Robby Rensenbrink, a Dutch international from the 1974 World Cup who is the club's top scorer and his ex-international colleague in midfield Arie Haan who after taking some time to settle down is now playing well.

Haan in fact played in all three successful Ajax teams in the European Cup Finals of 1971 to 1973 inclusive. West Ham will also need to look out for the versatile skills of Francois Van der Elst who can play virtually anywhere in attack or defence and Ludo Coeck a midfield player who can set up goal chances cleverly.

Home advantage for Anderlecht will balance the fact that West Ham are probably the better side technically and the Londoners will do extremely well to carry off the Cup in only their third season of European competition.

Already declared as Belgian champions are FC Bruges who achieved their title with two matches to go. Now they meet Liverpool in the final of the UEFA Cup with the Merseyside team concerned with their hopes of the domestic title in the last remaining League games.

Bruges have had a useful run in the competition which is probably just slightly ahead of the Liverpool performances overall. No team has managed to score in Bruges, but then few teams manage to get many goals against Liverpool when they are travelling either.

The Belgians also demonstrated their powers of recovery against Ipswich turning a three goal deficit on the first leg into a 4-3 aggregate victory. Moreover they coped well with two defensive Italian sides during the run.

Sweeper

Centre-forward Raoul Lambert is vastly experienced and a wily campaigner who can sneak goals in circumstances where others are less likely to score. In midfield Julien Cools and Rene Van der Eycken are the eye catchers while Eddy Krieger an Austrian international has done well in marshalling the defence as sweeper.

But Liverpool appear to be rumbling on impressively and in two legs could well get the better of the Belgians. They have undoubtedly had two excellent discoveries this season in Jimmy Case and David Fairclough, the latter who has even given respectability to the No. 12 shirt by the number of goals he has scored while coming on as substitute.

Left-back Phil Neal, centre-back Phil Thompson and midfield player Ray Kennedy have all recently been capped at full level for England and alongside such established performers as Ray Clemence, Tommy Smith, Emlyn Hughes, Kevin Keegan and John Toshack, not to forget the evergreen Ian Callaghan, the Belgians will do well to survive.

CANADA EXPLAINS

CANADA'S WITHDRAWAL from the Pan American Games in Mexico last October came in for some considerable discussion during the annual meeting of the Canadian Soccer Association in Toronto at the beginning of April.

A number of delegates were highly critical of the decision to pull the team out of the soccer competition when the playing strength was reduced to 12 players due to suspensions and injuries.

However, further light was shed on the matter by Eric King, Executive Director of the Canadian Soccer Association and by Dr. Thomas Fried, a member of the F.I.F.A. Consultative Panel for Medical Matters and a doctor with the Canadian team.

Mr. King explained that the CSA had failed on a number of occasions to obtain a copy of the rules of the soccer competition from the Canadian Pan American Games Committee and that they had been advised on a number of occasions by this same committee that they were only allowed to take 17 players. The rules of the competition it turned out allowed for 20 players. "Had the CSA been advised correctly they would have taken 20 players," Mr. King said, "and then would not have had to withdraw."

from COLIN JOSE

Dr. Fried explained that although the Canadians had 12 players for their final two games with Cuba and Costa Rica one of these was a goalkeeper, so that in effect there were only 10 players other than the goalkeepers to play two games at 9,000 feet.

Dr. Fried, after examining the players following the game with Mexico, discovered some of them to be suffering from a low oxygen content and he felt it inadvisable for them to play again so soon at such an altitude. Dr. Fried said that his view was supported by other doctors attached to the Canadian team.

A considerable number of the players who made up the Canadian team in the Pan American Games are among those chosen to tour England and Scotland during the latter part of April. The team will consist of 20 players most of whom can be expected to form the team representing Canada in the Olympic Football Tournament in Canada in July.

They are Goalkeepers: Jack Brand, Timo Lettieri; Defenders: Chris Horrocks, Gary Ayre, Kevin Grant, Robin Megraw, Jim McLaughlin and Tony Lawrence; Midfield: Bob Bolitho, Reno Agostinis, Jim Douglas, Mike McLenaghen, Joe Kovar, Wes McLeod; Forwards: Carl Rose, Mike Burke, Peter Roe, John McGrane, Ken Whitehead and John Connor.

The team will be coached by Colin Morris.

North Korea qualify

THE NORTH KOREANS, who shook the soccer world in 1966 with their outstanding displays during the World Cup in England but have faded into obscurity ever since, will be back in the international spotlight this year having qualified for the finals of the Olympic Games in Canada.

North Korea won one of the three positions allocated to Asia defeating Indonesia, Malaysia, Singapore and Papua-New Guinea in a tournament played in Jakarta. Spain have also qualified for the finals thus making the total number of teams who have qualified for the finals of the Olympic Football Tournament eight.

Those teams are Canada as the host nation, Poland as the holders, the U.S.S.R., Iran, Brazil, Uruguay, North Korea and Spain. Of the eight places yet to be filled it would appear that they will be filled by France, East Germany, Mexico, Israel and Cuba while the three African places are wide open.

According to Jacques Vaccaro, Competition director for the Football Tournament, 350,000 tickets have been sold to date for the four venues, Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa and Sherbrooke.

Furphy in charge

KEN FURPHY, recently appointed coach of the New York Cosmos of the NASL, will coach Team America, the NASL select team that will compete in the United States Bicentennial Soccer Cup against England, Italy and Brazil.

The former coach of Sheffield United, Watford and Blackburn Rovers will be assisted by Eddie Firmani, coach of the NASL champion Tampa Bay Rowdies and Manfred Schellscheidt, coach of the Hartford Bicentennials. Firmani, a former Italian international with Sampdoria and Inter-Milan and a one time player and coach with Charlton Athletic in England, is a South African by birth.

Schellscheidt is a 35-year-old native of West Germany and coached the Rhode Island Oceanneers of the American Soccer League to the league championship in 1974 before being appointed to the Hartford position the following year. Schellscheidt also coached the U.S. national team last year during a tournament in Mexico City.

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worst. Whenever a Scottish team is taken to a penalty-kick decider my money is always on the other side! Over the years Celtic have lost twice on penalties — to Inter Milan and Benfica (Charity Cup match) — and because of a rules mix-up Rangers were involved in a similar situation when they played Sporting Club, of Lisbon, in the Cup-winners' Cup four years ago. Rangers had made a mess of their efforts before it was found that goals in extra-time did count as DOUBLE in the event of a tie and they went through. Just as well they didn't need to make the spot-kicks count . . .

Willie Miller, of Aberdeen, scored Scotland's first penalty and then Jordan missed with an attempt that was far too close to the 'keeper. Frankie Gray (Leeds) and Hibs' John Brownlie then scored with their efforts — with the Dutch already missing one — when Tommy Craig stepped up to take his kick. The Newcastle midfielder is one man I would always take to stick them away, but this time he failed as goalkeeper Shellekens dived full-length to his left to hold the ball. Kila scored Holland's last penalty and they were through. As simple as that.

It should be pointed out, though, that Craig's penalty was more of a save from the goalkeeper than a miss from Craig. There is a subtle difference here. Craig's attempt was struck nicely, but it was just a case of the 'keeper guessing correctly and smothering the ball. Jordan's attempt was definitely a miss from him. His shot was not well-hit at all and the 'keeper was never extended to save that one. I would like to say in Jordan's favour, however, that he did have a good game and just didn't carry the sort of luck every striker needs.

Now Scotland are looking forward to the Home International Championships this month and the World Cup qualifying matches against Czechoslovakia and Wales later on. Scotland don't seem to have any direction at this level at the moment and the Home Championships are unlikely to tell us anything we don't already know.

News from Hungary by LESLIE VERNON

Bread and water diet hits the players...

ONCE UPON a time, a gypsy decided to train his horse to live on bread and water. A few weeks passed, and the animal expired, suffering from starvation. The disconsolate gypsy complained: "Just when he was getting used to his diet, he died — now I haven't got a horse."

This ancient parable illustrates perfectly the present self-imposed plight of Hungarian football. The players are being flogged to a standstill, and just as they are getting used to it, they are beginning to lose matches. Ferencvaros are the prime examples of the process. Recently they had a Hungarian Cup tie and Mitropa Cup match scheduled for the same day — 48 hours after they played Salgotarjan in the league!

As supersonic air-flights are rather infrequent between Budapest and Brno, it was obvious that the "stiffs" must travel either to Czechoslovakia or face Diosgyor at home. As "Fradi", due to an earlier defeat by Innsbruck, were practically out of the "Mitropa", the domestic competition was given preference.

But while the reserves were beaten 3-2 by Zbrojovka Brno (one of the great names of international football), the first team also lost 1-0 to Diosgyor. A case of hitting the floor between two stools — a case of incredibly silly fixture making.

The next instalment of the same "gypsy-horse" syndrome is due at the end of April, when the national team will play Switzerland at Lausanne on April 30, and the Cup Final is scheduled for the following day, May 1. Eventually, sanity will prevail and these clashes will be avoided, but in the meantime, defeats against nonentities like the Czech small-town outfit, Brno, could do a great deal of damage.

Qualification

Otherwise, on international level, the news is good. Hungary not only k.o'd England in the U-23 European Championship, but did it convincingly and with style. The 3-0 victory at Budapest more or less ensured qualification, but I was still pleasantly surprised when I met the Hungarian party at Manchester Airport on the Sunday before the return-leg match.

Instead of the usual anxious, inferiority complex-ridden attitude, they came to win and were confident enough to say so. Tibor Nyilasi had to be omitted because of a UEFA suspension, and Kovacs of MTK-VM was brought in at midfield to link-up with Ebedli and the over-age Pinter. The injured Pusztai's place was taken by Fekete in the forward line.

As elsewhere in this issue, I am discussing the reasons behind the startling improvement of the Hungarians' football — suffice to say here, that they did look dangerous every time they crossed the half-way line. In the last fifteen minutes, they could have got the draw they deserved, but as proud possessors of an "away goal", the players relaxed, and you can't do that against an English team.

The hysteria of a section of the Press concerning the Hungarians' strong arm tactics was quite inexplicable. Zombori did commit a bad foul on Hill, but previously, Jimmy Case crippled Fekete (who was out of football for 10 days afterwards), and Wilkins was also guilty of a blatant over the ball tackle. To say that the Hungarians were the dirtiest team to visit England since the Argentinians in '66, as David Miller did in the *Daily Express*, is not only grossly unfair, but makes one realise that to "kick-back" is still considered a bigger sin by some commentators than to initiate such incidents.

Column

Sadly, only 34,000 people saw the game, and I suspect many more read David's column. Yet, when I asked for a right to reply, Sports Editor Ken Lawrence — although friendly and courteous, claimed that due to shortage of space, readers' letters are not published in the Express.

But the "Magyars" — although branded as "thugs" by Miller — were pleased with their display, and were glad that the players were beginning to be able to take care of themselves in the jungle warfare of international football. "When a boy from a small town like Bekescsaba (Paroczai) has the moral fibre to tackle hard someone like Gordon Hill in front of his own Old Trafford crowd, we are on the right track," was how they put it.

On the following Saturday, practically the same team faced Argentina in the Nepstadium: Gujdar — Paroczai, Balint, Rab, Kantor — Nyilasi, Ebedli, Pinter — Fazekas, Weimper, Magyar. Newly capped Honved striker, Weimper initiated the move that led to an early goal by Nyilasi, and in the 34th minute a glorious Pinter-Ebedli-Magyar-Ebedli move gave Fazekas a chance to head a spectacular goal into 'keeper Gatti's net, 2-0!

A commendable victory, considering that previously, the touring Argentinians beat the USSR and Poland! The domestic scene is characterised by the improvement of MTK-VM and Vasas, and the decline of Dozsa and Csepel. At Dozsa, the players seem to be indulging in the time honoured Hungarian game of "getting rid of the manager".

The lilac-and-whites beat Honved 5-1 in the first-leg of the Cup, then promptly lost the return match of this quarter-final tie 6-1! As a follow-up to that disgraceful performance, Dozsa also lost at Zalaegerszeg, and are now 7 points behind leaders Ferencvaros.

Destined

No wonder their manager, Pal Varhidi, refused to talk to the Press after this latest disaster. Videoton are the only likely danger to "Fradi", but even they are four points adrift. Dalnoki's young lions are destined to represent Hungary next season in the European Cup.

Csepel (one point out of a possible 12!) are last but one, ahead of the seemingly doomed Szeged. With nine more rounds to go, no club can feel safe in the bottom half of the table, and there will also be a race for the UEFA Cup places. The picture looks brighter than for some time, if only I could forget the fate of that Gypsy's horse...

International Post-Mortem by Eric Batty

Scotland 1 Switzerland 0

WITH EIGHT of Willie Ormond's original choices withdrawing for one reason or another, it was a very experimental Scottish team that took on the Swiss before a mere 16,000 in the huge Hampden Park bowl.

The Swiss proved in the autumn that if they have not an outstanding team, they can be difficult to beat as both England and Czechoslovakia discovered.

The Motherwell centre forward Willie Pettigrew got off to a great start in his first international, opening the scoring in the first minute but was denied through an injury early in the second half to add to his seasons total. Celtic full back Danny McGrain hit the Swiss cross bar early on but there was generally little for the meagre crowd to enthuse about and the game dragged on towards an uninspiring finish.

SCOTLAND: Rough, McGrain, Gray (F), Forsyth (T), Blackley, Craig (T) (Bremner, D), Pettigrew (McKean), Gray (A), MacDonald, Johnstone.

SWITZERLAND: Burgener; Stohler, Fischbach, Bizzini, Guyot, Hasler (Andrey), Elsener (Schnyder), Muller, Risi, Botteron, Jeandupeux.

Italy 3 Portugal 1

ALTHOUGH THE Italians have been having almost weekly friendly matches in preparation for their forthcoming World Cup test with England, this was their first international match of the year.

Only four veterans of the 1974 disaster squad were retained — Dino Zoff in goal, Giacinto Facchetti (switched now to *libero*), Romeo Benetti and Franco Causio. With the Portuguese also fielding a comparatively new team, particularly after they introduced three substitutes and Alves left the field, they were really no test for an Italian team that rarely committed itself to all-out attack.

The first half was particularly lifeless, and it was only in the final seconds of the half that Giancarlo Antognoni notched the opening goal. It appeared that the Italians had received a roasting at the interval for they stepped up the pace and attacked more often in the second half, though without ever reaching any great heights in terms of skill or team-work.

The Torino pair, Francesco Graziani and Paolo Pulici added to the Italian's lead, Graziani scoring after seven minutes in the second half and Pulici following his example 20 minutes from the end.

Eight minutes from the end, Fraguito scored the consolation goal for Portugal in spite of the Italian's devotion to defence which suggests that more inspired teams could probe many more openings if the Italian rearguard was subjected to consistent pressure from a team that built its attacks in a precise and patient manner.

ITALY: Zoff; Tardelli, Bellugi (Roggi), Facchetti, Rocca, Benetti, Causio, Antognoni, Pecci, Graziani, Pulici.

PORTUGAL: Botelho; Artur, Teixeira, Mendes, Barros (Cardoso), Octavio, Alves (Scaninho), Toni, Jordao, Fraguito, Marinho.

● *Continued from page 15*

Eire 3 Norway 0

EIRE RECORDED a 3-0 win over Norway in the Scandinavians' first game after the winter but the Irishmen found it more difficult than the score suggests.

Making little attempt to attack in strength, the Norwegians seemed content to defend and counter-attack and their defence proved difficult to break down. Liam Brady was perhaps the best Eire player and opened the scoring with a fine left foot shot from around the twenty yard mark after 25 minutes, and before the interval the 22,000 crowd at Dalymount Park saw Jimmy Holmes convert a penalty awarded for a foul on Don Givens.

Givens himself missed another penalty early in the second half and though the result was never in doubt, goals were hard to come by. Walsh, who gave an impressive performance overall, was rewarded with the third and final goal on the hour when a cross by Conway gave him the opportunity but despite consistent pressure the last half hour failed to bring the goals Eire deserved for their almost total domination of the proceedings.

EIRE: Kearns; Grealish, Martin, Holmes, O'Brien, Conway, Campbell, Brady, Heighway, Walsh, Givens.

NORWAY: Jacobsen; Skugseth, Grondalen, Ottosen, Slinning, Johansen, Kvia, Olsen, Thunberg, Hoydal, Vadal.

Hungary 2 Argentina 0

THE HUNGARIANS maintained their steady improvement since Lajos Baroti returned to guide them and once more he underlined the fact that he wants a new, young 'unadulterated' team. The only old heads retained for this match were Laszlo Balint in the defence and Laszlo Fazekas in attack while four more young players, Gujdar, Paroczai, Weimpar and Ebedli were awarded their first caps.

Only 30,000 turned out at the Nep stadion, but a very good gate considering the game was shown on television. They saw the "find of the season" Tibor Nyilasi get the Hungarians off to a great start with a goal inside four minutes.

Fazekas added the second goal just after the half hour and the Hungarians never really looked like losing their grip on the game from then on.

The Hungarian press is still somewhat cautious, understandably considering their past disappointments, but Baroti clearly knows what he is doing and the Argentinians were full of praise for the new Hungary.

HUNGARY: Gujdar; Paroczai, Balint, Rab, Kantor, Nyilasi, Ebedli, Pinter, Fazekas, Weimper, Magyar.

ARGENTINA: Gatti; Olguin, Carrascosa, Tarantini, Killer, Gallego, Ardiles, Bochini, Scotta, Luque, Kempes.

France 2 Czechoslovakia 2

FOR THE first time under the management of Michel Hidalgo, France fielded a predominantly young team including five new caps and at one stage led 2-0. Only 10,000 paid for admission to the Parc des Princes but another 10,000 tickets were given out free through schools and they saw Gerard Soler scramble an early goal from close in to give the young French squad a boost.

In the second half Michel Platini scored with a spectacular free kick from just outside the area, but the physically stronger and more experienced Czech side could not be denied. Having sent on the vastly experienced right back Karol Dobias for the last twenty minutes, he played with all his old aplomb, attacking consistently and getting the French left flank into a tangle time after time.

The Czechs giant stopper Anton Ondrus also began to push up as he so often does for Slovan and both were rewarded with goals.

Czech Vaclav Jezek was clearly using this as a final trial for the big game with the Russians, fielding a front trio of Masny - Nehoda - Petras in the first half and Svehlik - Nehoda - Gajdusek in the second half.

FRANCE: Bertrand-Demanes; Domenech (R), Tresor, Rio, Bossis, Platini, Michel, Rampillon (Jouve), Soler (Sixt), Pentonet, Emon.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA: Viktor; Biros (Dobias), Ondrus, Jurkemik, Gogh, Pollak, Knapp, Gajdusek, Masny (Moder), Nehoda, Petras (Svehlik).

USSR 0 Argentina 1

A CROWD of 45,000 watched the opening game of Argentina's tour in Kiev with the Russians lacking most of their local stars.

As Dynamo Kiev had been concerned in a European Cup tie with St Etienne only three days before, they included only two of these players in Konkov and Veremejev from the start.

However when Kempes, the only 1974 World Cup player on view, gave the South Americans the lead four minutes before the interval, the Russians decided to put on their third Kiev player Blokhin at half-time.

RUSSIA: Prochorov; Konkov, Mahovikov, Abramov, Letschuk, Lovchev, Mineav, Nazarenko, Sacharov, Veremejev, Federov (Blokhin).

ARGENTINA: Gatti; Olguin, Carrascosa, Tarantini, Gallego, Killer, Trabinai, Ardiles, Luque, Bochini, Kempes.

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East European review...POLAND

RUCH CHORZOW STILL AHEAD

RUCH CHORZOW dropped some valuable points in Poland around the time of their European Cup games this season, and though still the best all round team they have come under more pressure than in the last two years. In 1974 only Stal Mielec really troubled them but this season unknown GKS Tychy, a miners' team, has topped the table several times this season.

Promoted only two years ago, Tychy did well enough in their first term up and then last summer recruited striker Roman Ogaza from Szombierki Bytom and he gave them the thrust they needed in attack.

Stal Mielec, who were the last team to interfere between Ruch and 'their' title have slipped back a bit, not least because of the loss of form demonstrated by their key man in attack, Grzegorz Lato, who had a very poor autumn campaign. Finally, Wisla Krakow who have looked very promising at times recently and have given the big clubs some very difficult games, don't have an overall side to match the promise of their twin strikers Zdislaw Kapka and Kazimierz Kmiecik.

Promoted

At the other end of the table newly promoted Stal Rzeszow who played this season in the European Cup Winners Cup, are stone bottom and have been there most of the time. With eight games left, Stal are still there with only four wins and with LKS Lodz, who just survived the drop last season and now have only three wins (but have drawn 10) they look the two most likely clubs to go.

Strangely, it was Stal Rzeszow who took the headlines last season, doing the double by winning promotion and the Cup, but this season it has been LKS's neighbours Widzew Lodz, who came up with Stal Rzeszow, who have created the surprises. As we go to press, Widzew are up amongst the leaders, just four points behind Ruch Chorzow, two behind Stal Mielec and above Wisla in fourth place.

The FA Cup brought many surprises last season with ROW Rybnik's reserves getting to the final and this season the unknown clubs have taken their toll again. One can never be sure with some continental countries, whose Cup competitions have little or no tradition, whether the giants go out because of disinterest but certainly it gives unknown teams a chance to make headlines.

Amongst the last eight this time are Third Division GKS Jastrzebie, who eliminated Legia Warsaw 4-3 on penalties after a 0-0 draw. Also into the quarter finals are three Second Division clubs who eliminated First Division opponents in the last round. Gwardia Koszalin held Gornik Zabrze to 1-1 (the one scored by Szarmach) and then won 4-3 on penalties; Stoczn Gdansk beat LKS Lodz 3-0, and Odra Opole eliminated Zaglebie Sosnowiecz 2-0.

Gwardia Warsaw, a well known club now in Division II also gave Cup holders Stal Rzeszow a tough time, holding them to 0-0 but going out 2-4 on penalties.

Crashing

In the championship, Ruch hit a run in which they could only draw five times in succession but fortunately for them Tychy were unable to take advantage of it, winning only two of these five games and crashing 0-4 away to Pogon Szczecin.

Around that time, Stal Mielec were pushed off the top when they suffered their second championship defeat 0-1 away to Widzew Lodz. They have had their ups and downs too though Lato came back to something like his best form to get both goals in a 2-0 win over Zaglebie at home and then in the next game, away to Legia who were dangerously close to the relegation zone, it was Lato again who opened the scoring on the hour but Bogdan Kwapisz took an equalising point for the Army team.

Visited

Then Lato and Jan Domarski each took a goal in the 2-0 home win over Pogon before they visited LKS Lodz for a game in which both teams needed the points badly. Lato put Stal ahead after only seven minutes but two second half goals gave LKS a badly needed win that could well have ended Stal Mielec's championship hopes.

The day that Stal Mielec went down to LKS, bottom of the table Stal Rzeszow entertained GKS Tychy who were top at the time and as so often happens there was a surprise result. Hychy did rather well in fact for after half an hour Stal had taken a 2-0 lead but they fought back and with six minutes left Roman Ogaza snatched the equaliser and a point that kept them in the running.

After the international with Argentina, two rounds of the league programme were played off in four days. Ruch undoubtedly came off best in these matches, winning 1-0 away to Tychy to push them off the top — the vital goal being scored by Jozef Kopicera. Having beaten Tychy 3-2 in Chorzow earlier in the season that gives Ruch a psychological edge but in the following games Ruch were held to a 0-0 draw in Chorzow by Wudzew Lodz while Tychy bounced back to win 3-1 away to ROW Rybnik with Roman Ogaza scoring the two match winning goals in the second half.

Kazimierz Deyna came out of his shell a bit to score two vital goals for Legia in a 2-0 win over ROW that eases Legia's relegation worries even though they followed that with a 0-3 defeat away to Pogon.

Challengers

With the top two dropping points, the challengers were able to edge closer with both Stal Mielec and Wisla Krakow getting four points. Stal were at home to Gornik Zabrze, a game in which Lato got them off to a great start by scoring in the first minute. Andrzej Szarmach soon equalised but the only goal of the second half fell to Wlodzimierz Gasior who gave Stal a 2-1 win and both points. Stal then won 3-1 away to Szombierki in Bytom to move to within two points of the co-leaders.

Wisla Krakow made no mistake at home to LKS Lodz, winning 2-0 with goals from Marek Kusto and Zdzislaw Kapka and then, away to Gornik Zabrze beat the miners team by the same score with Kusto getting both goals.

Leading scorers:

Andrzej Szarmach (Gornik Zabrze) 13,
Roman Ogaza (GKS Tychy) 12,
Grzegorz Lato (Stal Mielec) 11.

EURO-REVIEW

SEMI-FINALS — First Legs
Champions' Cup
Real Madrid 1 (Roberto Martinez 7)
Bayern Munich 1 (Müller 44)
HT: 1-1. Att: 125,000

A capacity crowd and 200 million televiewers in 15 other countries didn't see the classic they were expecting. For a start Madrid took the field having lost their battle to get Pirri and Paul Breitner fit and during the match more injuries meant the replacement of Manolo Velazquez and Roberto Martinez.

Finally there was unprecedented trouble at the end when angry fans scaled the barriers attacking both Gerd Müller and Austrian referee Erich Linemayr. This, incidentally, was Linemayr's 13th European Cup tie! Sepp Maier was also involved in the scuffles trying to defend Müller, who had to be half-carried half-dragged from the pitch semi-conscious by his team-mates.

Little goal

Not a happy ending, and not an auspicious start either. Both Franz Beckenbauer and young Horsmann were at fault as Günter Netzer sent Roberto in for the opening goal. Bayern kept just Müller and Uli Hoeness upfield but nearly equalised after 25 minutes when Miguel Angel dropped a shot from Franz Roth and dived just in time to pull the ball off Müller's toes.

Just before half-time Müller made amends with a typical 'little goal' after Hoeness split the Real defence. Gregorio Benito was in place behind the out-of-position Miguel Angel ten minutes into the second half to clear a goal-bound shot from Jupp Kapellmann but Madrid's attacking fire disappeared when Roberto went off after a clash of heads with Maier and Bayern were well pleased with the draw.

St-Etienne 1 (Larque 16)
PSV Eindhoven 0
HT: 1-0. Att: 40,000

The French may have won, but the overall picture of the match was not very good for them. They looked disorganised at the start and were tested and stretched for much of the time by the sharp incisive counter-attacks of the team managed by former St-Etienne star Kess Rijvers.

The only goal came after a foul by Deykers on Dominque Rocheteau. Herve Revelli pushed the free kick to one side and skipper Jean-Michel Larque hit the ball round the wall. Jan van Beveren could only touch it into the post and it went on into the net.

The Dutch fought back but could have gone 2-0 down when van Beveren had to scramble to hang onto a shot from Christian Synaghael. Ivan Curkovic, St-Etienne's Yugoslav keeper, was then stretched by Deykers before Patrick Revelli smashed a shot into van Beveren's face.

PSV brought on top scorer Harry Lubse for Peter Dahlqvist at the interval, and later Nick Deacy for Poortvliet, and slowly took control. The fans jeered their safety-first interpassing and they could have paid for it had Rocheteau then Larque not missed open goals.

CUP-WINNERS' CUP
Eintracht Frankfurt 2
(Neuberger 29, Kraus 47)
West Ham 1 (Paddon 9)
HT: 1-1. Att: 55,000

West Ham emerged from a poor run in the league to take a surprise lead with Graham Paddon's 25-yard shot after loose play in midfield by Willi Neuberger. But the West Germans fought back — Bernd Nickel and Karl Körbel were narrowly off target — and equalised through the same Neuberger.

Jürgen Grabowski, England's 1970 World Cup hangman, took control in midfield but West Ham were dangerous in breakaways and only an offside decision robbed Billy Jennings of a second goal just before the interval. Wolfgang Kraus put Frankfurt ahead just after the break and Trevor Brooking allowed a late dive by veteran dentist Peter Kunter to rob West Ham of an equaliser. West Ham had McDowell booked for a foul and Holland for time-wasting.

Sachsenring Zwickau 0
Anderlecht 3
(van der Elst 25, 38, Rensenbrink 68)
HT: 0-2. Att: 40,000

Anderlecht were soon looking booked for a place in the final in Brussels. Francois van der Elst put them 2-0 up against the conquerors of Celtic before half-time and Rob Rensenbrink rubbed the Belgians' superiority in midway into the second half.

UEFA CUP
Barcelona 0
Liverpool 1 (Toshack 13)
HT: 0-1. Att: 70,000

A great win for Liverpool even if that was soured afterwards by Kevin Keegan repeating his ingenuous desire to get away and play full-time in Spain.

The Barcelona fans rightly jeered their team for a large part of the game, for Cruyff and Co were very disappointing. Keegan set up John Toshack's goal and the closest CFB came was when Mir put an overhead shot narrowly wide after a Carlos Rexach corner.

Rexach wasted two good chances, Keegan nearly had a second for Liverpool, and CFB's inability to get a grip on midfield where Emlyn Hughes was in fine form was greeted, predictably by a hail of cushions at the end.

Hamburg 1 (Reimann 76)
Brugge 1 (Lambert 48)
HT: 0-0. Att: 50,000

Danish goalkeeper Birger Jenson was Belgian club's star as Hamburg battered away throughout the first half.

But it was a mistake by his opposite number, Rudi Kargus, dropping a shot from Julien Cools, which enabled Raoul Lambert to put Brugge ahead early in the second half. The Belgians came forward more after this but while they were threatening a second goal Willie Reimann eluded the defence to equalise.

Semi-finals, second leg
CHAMPIONS' CUP
Bayern 2 (Müller 9, 31)
Real Madrid 0
HT: 2-0. Att: 77,000
Bayern 3-1 on agg.

Gerd Müller took a stunning, typical revenge for that after-the-match incident in Madrid to put Bayern into their third successive final. But on the night it was skipper Franz Beckenbauer who was the West German's star player — easing his way forward time after time to incite the attacks which could have ended in an even heavier defeat for Real.

Perhaps Madrid were upset by the rumours that Miljan Miljanic was considering leaving for Arsenal. Certainly they missed Manolo Velazquez and Roberto Martinez. And, to add to that, Carlos Santillana had to go off after an hour because of injury.

Pirri and Paul Breitner and Günter Netzer — the two Germans whistled and jeered throughout — tried hard, but Bayern's all-round power made them worthy winners and clear favourites to win the Cup for the third year in succession.

These two goals brought Müller up to 50 in Europe. But again the game

Johan Neeskins in action for Barcelona in Liverpool.

Trevor Brooking scores the first West Ham goal against Eintracht Frankfurt at Upton Park.

ended in acrimony — this time with Real's veteran skipper, Amancio, being sent out for dissent by Welsh referee Clive Thomas.

PSV Eindhoven 0
St-Etienne 0
HT: 0-0. Att: 20,500
St-Etienne 1-0 on agg.

St-Etienne scored a marvellous triumph, the first French side to reach the final since in 1959. Remarkable, too, because they're not renowned as a good away side.

This time they had fortune on their side. Ralf Edstroem, PSV's key forward, was concussed in an early collision with Yugoslav goalkeeper Ivan Curkovic, and did not come out for the second half — Welshman Nick Deacy substituting. Without Edstroem PSV were a shadow of the attacking side they can be, and indeed it was St-Etienne who looked the more dangerous going forward.

Dominque Rocheteau confirmed the renaissance of wingers with some more exciting runs, and was perhaps a little unlucky to have a goal ruled out for off-side early in the second half. Peter Dahlqvist forced Curkovic to a superb save with only seconds to go and at the end the French team paraded round the Philips stadium as if they'd won the Cup.

St-Etienne's star in defence, along with Curkovic, was Argentinian Oswaldo Piazza.

CUP-WINNERS' CUP
Anderlecht 2
(Rensenbrink 43, van der Elst 55)
Sachsenring Zwickau 0
HT: 1-0. Att: 24,000
Anderlecht 5-0 on agg.

It was all a foregone conclusion before the game, Anderlecht having won so convincingly away. Still, a disappointingly small crowd in the Parc Astrid to see their team qualify for the final in Brussels.

Dutch stars Arie Haan and Peter Ressel — controversial signings still — led the early attacks and it was that other star Dutchman, Rob Rensenbrink, who put Anderlecht ahead after Ressel outpaced the defence. Zwickau fought back early in the second half, but all the fight drained from them after Francois van der Elst picked up Rudy Vercauteren's pass to beat Jürgen Croy from 20 yards — no mean achievement.

West Ham 3
(Brooking 49, 77, Robson 68)
Eintracht Frankfurt 1
(Beverungen 88)
HT: 0-0. Att: 39,202
West Ham 4-3 on agg.

So the Hammers returned to the final they graced back in 1965 and shook off their appalling league form to do so. Man of the match was Trevor Brooking, who not only scored twice but made the other goal for Robson.

Certainly, though West Ham were still that one goal down overall by the interval, it had seemed only a matter of time before the West German defences crumbled.

Frank Lampard hit over the cross for Brooking to head decisively past the 35-year-old dentist, Peter Kunter, in the Frankfurt goal. Billy Jennings could have made it two, but shot wide from a clear position and that was the signal for a brief Eintracht revival. Bernd Hölzenbein hit a post and the shot from the rebound was blocked by Robson on the goal line. Robson himself made it 2-0, Brooking made it three, and Beverungen injected a little drama back into the final minutes with an 88th-minute consolation goal.

UEFA CUP
Brugge 1 (Kaltz o.g. 85)
Hamburg 0
HT: 0-0. Att: 32,000
Brugge 2-1 on agg.

There can be few more painful ways of going out of a European semi-final than through an own goal five minutes from time. That was the fate of Hamburg, and the culprit was West German international defender Manfred Kaltz, who deflected Dirk Sanders's shot past Rudi Kargus when the Hamburg team must have fancied their chances of extra time.

Not that getting into the extra half hour would have guaranteed a place in the final. But though Brugge had attacked intelligently at times, it was the Germans who kept up most of the pressure on Danish goalkeeper Birger Jensen. Raoul Lambert and Ulrich Lefevre made little headway against Horst Blankeburg and Co.

Indeed it was only after Lefevre went off, substituted late in the game by eventual matchwinner Sanders, that Brugge began to look the team who had triumphed over Aston Villa and Ipswich.

Liverpool 1 (Thompson 50)
Barcelona 1 (Rexach 54)
HT: 0-0. Att: 55,104
Liverpool 2-1 on agg.

Anfield was its old European self as Liverpool went through to the final where they triumphed three years ago. Barcelona arrived minus the resigned Hennes Weisweiler, and few people expected even the fight the players put up.

Johan Cruyff had a mixed game, having a hand in Carlos Rexach's quick equaliser, but flitting in and out of the game otherwise and looking as if he were waiting for next season. Liverpool applied all the pressure, could even have gone ahead after three minutes had Italian referee Riccardo Lattanzi not turned down what seemed a well justified penalty appeal after Phil Neal was turned over in the penalty area.

The crowd jeered Lattanzi mercilessly as he came off at half-time, but by the time the second half goals had come — and particularly when he blew the final whistle — all they could think about was cheering.

Full European club final details, reports and pictures NEXT MONTH

Classified Results

ATLANTIC CUP TOURNAMENT
February 25

PARAGUAY (1) 2 (Aquino pen., Diaz)
ARGENTINA (2) 3 (Scotta)
(Also counts as 1st leg for Coronel Bogado Cup)

Paraguay: Martinez, Solalinde, F. Sosa, Aifuiz, Infrán, Torres, Sanabria (Vera), Gonzalez (Pezoa), Aquino, Diaz, Báez.
Argentina: La Volpe, Rebottaro, Cárdenas, D. Killer, Tarantini, Trobbiani (Asad), Gallego, Bochini, Scotta, Kempes, Ortiz (Houseman).

URUGUAY (1) 1 (Ocampo)
BRAZIL (1) 2 (Nelinho, Zico)
(Also counts for 1st leg of Rio Branco Cup)
Att. 50,000

Uruguay: H. Santos, A. de los Santos, Chagas, Ramirez, Acosta, Morales, Muñiz, Gimenez, Morena, Pereira, Ocampo (Olivera).
Brazil: Valdir Perez, Nelinho, Miguel, Amaral, Marinho, Chicao, Palinha, Rivelinho, Flecha (Edú), Zico, Lula (Getulio).

February 27
ARGENTINA (0) 1 (Kempes pen.)
BRAZIL (1) 2 (Lula, Zico)
(Also counts as 1st leg for Roca Cup)

Argentina: La Volpe, Rebottaro, Cárdenas, D. Killer, Tarantini, Trobbiani (Asad), Gallego, Bochini, Scotta (Houseman), Kempes, Ortiz.
Brazil: Valdir Perez, Getulio, Miguel, Amaral, Marinho, Chicao, Falcao, Geraldo (Palinha), Flecha, Zico, Lula (Edú).

March 10
URUGUAY (0) 2 (Ocampo, Pereyra)
PARAGUAY (2) 2 (Pesoa, Paniagua)
(Also counts as 1st leg of Genera Artigas Cup)

Uruguay: Corbo, Forlan, De los Santos, Villazón, Morales, Gimenez, Pereyra, Silva, Muñiz, Morena, Ocampo.
Paraguay: Fernández, Solalinde, Benitez, Aufuch, Insfrán, Gonzalez, Vera, Pesoa, Fleitas, Paniagua, Báez.

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Brazil	2	2	0	0	4	2	4
Argentina	2	1	0	1	4	4	2
Uruguay	2	0	1	1	3	4	1
Paraguay	2	0	1	1	4	5	1

LIBERTADORES CUP
(South American Club Championship)
Group One
February 25

RIVER PLATE (Argentina) (1) 1
(Passarella pen.)
ESTUDIANTES DE LA PLATA (Argentina) 0

River Plate: Landaburu, Comelles, Perfumo, Passarella, H. Lopez, J. Lopez, Artico, Alonso, Gonzalez (Pena), Luque, Mas (Reinaldi).
Estudiantes: Pezzano, Pagnanini (Brown), Tagliani, Rodriguez, Frasoldati, Reguera, Pachamé, C. Lopez (Agresta), Galletti, Cabezas, Milano.

DEPORTIVO GALICIA (Venezuela) (0) 1
(Tiaokele)
PORTUGUESA (Venezuela) (1) 2
(Peralta 2)

Galicia: Jimenez, David, Cecilio, Watti, Marquinha, Usache, Tiaokele, Mendoza, Alejo, Rivero, Cassano.
Portuguesa: Arizaleta, Marin, Freddy, Macenaro, Ochoa, Echenausi, Moss, Benito, Diaz, Iriarte, Peralta, Nuñez.

March 4
DEPORTIVO GALICIA (Venezuela) 0
RIVER PLATE (Argentina) (0) 1
(J. Lopez)

Galicia: Jimenez, Mota, Cecilio, Watti, Marquinha, Mauro, Mendoza (Eusache), Tiaokele, Alejo, Rivero, Soto (Cazzano).
River Plate: Fillol, Comelles, Perfumo, Passarella, H. Lopez, J. Lopez, Merlo (Artico), Alonso, Gonzalez, Luque, Mas (Reinaldi).

DEPORTIVO PORTUGUESA (Venezuela) (1) 2 (Nuñez, Peralta)
ESTUDIANTES DE LA PLATA (Argentina) (1) 2 (Milano, Pagnanani)

Portuguesa: Arizaleta, Marin, Freddy, Macenaro, Ochoa, Echenausi, Moss, Diaz (Silva), Iriarte, Peralta, Nuñez.
Estudiantes: Pezzano, Pagnanini, Rodriguez, Tagliani, Frassoldati, Reguera, Pachamé, Lopez (Brown), Galletti, Cabezas, Milano.

March 6
DEPORTIVO PORTUGUESA (Venezuela) 0
RIVER PLATE (Argentina) (0) 2
(Mas, Luque)

Portuguesa: Romero, Ochoa, Macenaro, Freddy, Marin, Echenausi, Diaz (Silva), Moss, Nuñez, Peralta, Iriarte.
River Plate: Fillol, Comelles, Perfumo, Passarella, H. Lopez, J. Lopez (Artico), Merlo, Alonso, Gonzalez, Luque, Mas (Pena).

DEPORTIVO GALICIA (Venezuela) 0
ESTUDIANTES DE LA PLATA (Argentina) (1) 1 (Cabezas)

Galicia: Jimenez (Bazzano), David, Cecilio, Watti, Marquinha, Mauro, Mendoza, Rivero, Alejo, Tiaokele, Soto.
Estudiantes: Pezzano, Herrera, Tagliani, Rodriguez, Frasoldatti, Pagnanini, Pachamé, Benito, Galletti, Cabezas, Milano.

Group One Standings

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
River Plate (Arg.)	3	3	0	0	4	0	6
Estudianes (Arg.)	3	1	1	1	3	3	3
Dep. Port. (Ven.)	3	1	1	1	4	5	3
Dep. Galic. (Ven.)	3	0	0	3	1	4	0

Group Two
March 14
LIGA DEPORTIVA UNIVERSITARIA (Ecuador) (1) 1 (Zubia)
CUENCA (Ecuador) (1) 1 (Messiano)
GUABIRA (Bolivia) (0) 1 (Cerrizuela)
BOLIVAR (Bolivia) 0

Group Three
March 7
CRUZEIRO DE BELLO HORIZONTE (Brazil) (3) 5
(Palinha 2, Joazinho 2, Nelinho pen.)
INTERNACIONAL DE PORTO ALEGRE (Brazil) (2) 4
(Lula, Valdomiro, Ze Carlos o.g., Ramon)
OLIMPIA (Paraguay) 2
SPORTIVO LUQUENO (Paraguay) 3

March 14
INTERNACIONAL DE PORTO ALEGRE (Brazil) (0) 1 (Ramon)
OLIMPIA (Paraguay) 0

Internacional: Manga, Claudio, Figueroa, Herminio, Vacaria, Cacapava, Falcao, Escurinho, Valdomiro, Ramon, Lula.
Olimpia: Almeida, Bordon, Flaminio Sosa, Alcides Sosa, Leon, Torres, Tocha, Talavera, Barrientos (Barreiro), Diaz, Aquino.

SPORTIVO LUQUENO (Paraguay) (1) 1
(Sandoval pen.)
CRUZEIRO DE BELLO HORIZONTE (Brazil) (0) 3
(Batata, Nelhino, Jairzinho)

Group Three Standings

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Cruzeiro (Braz.)	2	2	0	0	8	5	4
Internac. (Braz.)	2	1	0	1	5	5	2
Sp Luqueño (Par.)	2	1	0	1	4	6	2
Olimpia (Par.)	2	0	0	2	2	4	0

Group Four
March 4
INDEPENDIENTE SANTA FE (Colombia) (1) 1 (Pandolfi)
MILLIONARIOS (Colombia) (0) 1
(Tamayo)
ALIANZA LIMA (Peru) 0
ALFONSO UGARTE (Peru) 0

March 7
INDEPENDIENTE SANTA FE (Colombia) 2
ALFONSO UGARTE (Peru) 2

Independiente SF: Lopez, Bolaños, Pacheco, Recupero, Chia, Rodriguez, Sarnari, Viafara, Pachon, Pandolfi, Caspedes.
Alfonso Ugarte: Seminario, Arias, Vargas, Arrelucena, Pereira, Bargas, Pena, Draga, Neyra, Leiva, Ticona.

MILLIONARIOS (Colombia) 1 (Converti)
ALIANZA LIMA (Peru) 0

Millionarios: Ballesteros, Segovia, R. Gonzalez, Rodriguez, Rubio, Diaz (Rendón), Della Savia, Amado, Ortiz, Tamayo (Soto), Converti.
Alianza: A. Gronzalez, M. Palacios, Salguero, Castillo, Duarte, A. Palacios, Velasquez, Ojeda, Cueto, Rivero (Lobatón), Tardio (Gomez).

● *Continued from page 37*

Slowly the Germans got on top and it was clear that the gamble of playing the unfit Puskas had failed. The Germans took a 3-2 lead in the second half and then the Hungarians came back to life. Two shots rattled the German woodwork; Puskas ran through to score an equalising goal that was flagged off-side (a decision that I will never accept, having had a good view of it) and as the whistle blew for time it was the Hungarians throwing everything into attack on a day when they were destined to lose, and the Germans hanging on as if their lives hung in the balance.

Since those palmy days the Hungarian game has seen one disaster after another. Jozsef Bozsik 100 caps; Gyula Grosics 86, Ferenc Puskas 84, Nandor Hidegkuti and Sandor Kocsis 68 each were the most capped in the fifties, the backbone of the best International team the world has ever seen. Florian Albert, Ferenc Bene and Janos Farkas made their flag flutter a little in the 1966 World Cup but that side proved too brittle and since the mid fifties the Hungarians have been down more often than they have been up.

"Living in the past" is the widespread belief of Hungarian football folk about their own players but under Lajos Baroti who bossed them in 1966, there seems a chance that the Hungarians can come again, building a side of young players. He may develop a good team but they could not possibly be as good as they were in the early 1950's.

March 11
MILLIONARIOS (Colombia) (1) 4
(Amado 2, Ortega, Converti)
ALFONSO UGARTE (Peru) 0

Millionarios: Ballesteros, Segovia, Gaviria, Gonzalez, Rubio, Rendón, Amado, Della Savia, Ortiz, Ortega, Converti.

A. Ugarte: Seminario, Arias, N. Vargas, Arrelucea, Pereira, M. Vargas, Pena, Draga, Neyra, Leiva, Ticona.

INDEPENDIENTE SANTA FE
(Colombia) (1) 2
(Pandolfi, Cespedes)
ALIANZA LIMA (Peru) (2) 3
(Lobatón 2, Ravelo)

Group Four Standings

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Millionarios (Col.)	3	2	1	0	6	1	5
Alian. Lima (Peru)	3	1	1	1	3	3	3
Independ. (Col.)	3	0	2	1	5	6	2
A. Ugarte (Peru)	3	0	2	1	2	6	2

Group Five
March 1
PENAROL (Uruguay) (1) 1 (Morena)
NACIONAL (Uruguay) (0) 1 (Perrone)

Peñarol: Corbo, Forlan, Olivera, Piriz, Faral, Jimenez (Unonne), Acosta, Silva, Acuña, Morena, Galiles (Pizzai).

Nacional: Bertinat, Machado, De los Santos, Millazán, Vacino, Callava (Lacró), Pereyra, Lima, Muñiz, Perrone, Ocampo.

March 9
UNION ESPANOLA (Chile) 1 (Pizarro)
PALESTINO (Chile) 0

March 13
UNION ESPANOLA (Chile) 0
PENAROL (Uruguay) 0

Union Española: Osben, Machuca, Herrera, Soto, Escobar, Inostroza, Palacios, Gante, Miranda, Letani, Hoffman.

Peñarol: Corbo, Forlan, Olivera, Faral, Piriz, Jimenez, Acosta, Silva, Cruz, Morena, Galiles.

March 14
PALESTINO (Chile) (0) 2 (Fabiani 2)
NACIONAL (Uruguay) (0) 1 (Villasan)

Palestino: Vidalia, Araneda, Pecororo, Caneo, Varas, Ramirez, Coopa, Fabiani, Hidalgo (Valenzuela), Messen (Cavalieri), Pinto.

Nacional: Bertinat, Machado, De los Santos, Villasan, Moller (Jimenez), Perrone, Pereira, De Lima, Muñiz, Callava (Revetria), Ocampo.

Group Five Standings

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
U Española (Chile)	2	1	1	0	1	0	3
Palestino (Chile)	2	1	0	1	2	2	2
Peñarol (Urug.)	2	0	2	0	1	1	2
Nacional (Urug.)	2	0	1	1	2	3	1

ARGENTINA:
Metropolitan First Division

Section A	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Huracan	6	5	1	0	12	7	11
FC Oeste	6	4	1	1	10	7	9
Independiente	6	3	2	1	13	8	8
Boca Juniors	6	3	2	1	5	2	8
Estudiantes La Plata	6	1	4	1	8	5	6
Rosario Central	6	2	1	3	13	9	5
Colon S Fe	6	2	1	3	5	6	5
Atlanta	6	2	1	3	4	8	5
Banfield	6	1	2	3	4	8	4
San Telmo	6	1	2	3	7	14	4
All Boys	6	1	1	4	4	11	3

Section B	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Gimnasia y E L Plata	6	5	1	0	13	7	11
Quilmes	6	3	3	0	12	6	9
Union S Fe	6	3	3	0	8	3	9
River Plate	6	3	1	2	14	9	7
Velez Sarsfield	6	3	1	2	11	9	7
Newell's Old Boys	6	1	3	2	10	11	5
Racing	6	1	2	3	13	15	4
San Lorenzo	6	1	2	3	9	15	4
Chacarita Juniors	6	0	3	3	7	13	3
Temperley	6	1	1	4	7	8	3
Argentinos Juniors	6	0	2	4	3	11	2

PERU:
National championship final round (final)

1. Alianza de Lima, 2. Alfonso Ugarte de Puno.

BRAZIL:
Sao Paulo State League

Section A	P	W	D	L	Pts
Sao Paulo FC	4	3	0	1	6
Portuguesa	2	1	1	0	3
XV Novembro	4	0	3	1	3
Paulista	4	1	1	2	3
Comercial	3	1	0	2	2
Sao Bento	4	1	0	3	2

Section B	P	W	D	L	Pts
Corinthians	4	3	1	0	7
Juventus	4	1	3	0	5
Guarani	4	2	1	1	5
Botafogo	4	1	1	2	3
Ferroviaria	4	1	0	3	2
Marilia	4	0	1	3	1

Section C	P	W	D	L	Pts
Ponte Preta	4	4	0	0	8
Santos	4	3	0	1	6
America	4	1	2	1	4
Portuguesa Santista	3	1	1	1	3
Noroeste	4	0	3	1	3
Palmeiras	3	1	1	1	3

COLOMBIA: Opening Championship

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Junior	4	3	1	0	6	2	7
Bucamaranga	5	2	3	0	5	2	7
Tolima	5	2	2	1	6	5	6
Caldas	5	3	0	2	5	5	6
Pereira	5	1	3	1	8	6	5
Independiente San F	4	1	3	0	4	3	5
Millionarios	5	2	0	3	10	5	4
Nacional	4	1	2	1	5	3	4
Medellin	5	1	2	2	6	8	4
America	4	2	0	2	6	7	4
Quindio	5	1	2	2	7	9	4
Cucuta	5	1	1	3	4	10	3
Dep. Cali	4	1	1	2	5	9	3
Union Magdalena	4	1	0	3	2	5	2

WEST GERMANY

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Bor. M'gladbach	28	14	10	4	54	29	38
Kaiserslautern	28	14	7	7	58	44	35
Hamberger SV	28	14	6	8	47	25	34
Ein. Braunschweig	28	12	9	7	43	34	33
Bayern	28	12	8	8	54	41	32
Cologne	28	11	10	7	51	38	32
Eint. Frankfurt	28	12	7	9	62	42	31
Schalke	28	10	10	8	66	48	30
Hertha BSC	28	10	7	10	47	43	29
Rot-Weiss Essen	28	10	8	10	47	58	28
MSV Duisburg	28	10	7	11	49	53	27
Karlsruher SC	28	10	6	12	36	45	26
Fort. Düsseldorf	28	8	8	12	36	48	24
Werder Bremen	28	8	6	14	35	48	22
Kickers Offenbach	28	8	6	14	34	59	22
Hannover 96	28	7	7	14	38	53	21
VfL Bochum	28	8	5	15	36	52	21
Bayer Uerdingen	28	5	9	14	23	56	19

RUMANIA

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Steaua	23	16	4	3	52	18	36
Dinamo	23	13	4	6	46	24	30
SC Bacau	23	11	3	9	26	25	25
Poli. Timisoara	23	10	5	8	33	33	25
Sportul Stud.	23	10	4	9	30	31	24
Bihor Oradea	23	10	4	9	26	28	24
Poli. Iassi	23	9	5	9	34	32	23
Jiul Petrosani	23	9	5	9	33	32	23
AS Armata Tirgu-Mures	23	10	3	10	29	30	23
Arges Pitesti	23	8	7	8	23	28	23
FCM Resita	23	10	3	10	24	33	23
Conatanta	23	9	3	11	26	25	21
Rapid	23	9	3	11	25	30	21
Olimpia Satumare	23	8	5	10	25	36	21
Uni. Craiova	23	7	6	10	27	27	20
UT Arad	23	9	2	12	28	37	20
CFR Cluj	23	5	7	11	18	31	17
"Uni"C luj	23	6	3	14	27	31	15

● Continued overleaf

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LEAGUE TABLES

continued from previous page

FRANCE

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Bonus Pts	Pts
Nantes	31	13	12	6	60	36	6	44
Nice	31	14	10	7	59	35	6	44
Souchaux	31	14	10	7	49	41	5	43
Reims	31	19	7	9	60	39	5	42
St-Etienne	28	14	10	4	45	27	3	41
Marseille	31	19	1	11	52	44	1	40
Nancy	31	12	8	11	58	46	7	39
Metz	31	14	4	13	56	50	6	38
Bastia	30	10	10	10	43	41	4	34
Valenciennes	30	11	7	12	37	39	4	33
Bordeaux	30	11	9	10	49	49	1	32
Lille	31	11	7	13	47	59	3	32
Lyon	30	11	5	14	47	50	5	31
Nimes	30	12	6	12	36	41	1	31
Lens	31	8	12	11	49	59	2	30
St-Germain	31	10	8	13	51	53	1	29
Troyes	31	6	14	11	38	46	2	28
Monaco	30	9	7	14	40	58	2	27
Strasbourg	30	6	10	14	32	49	2	24
Avignon	31	4	5	22	26	72	0	13

BELGIUM

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
FC Bruges	34	21	8	5	74	31	50
Lokeren	33	19	5	9	57	31	43
Anderlecht	33	17	9	7	60	34	43
RWD Molenbeck	33	16	10	7	54	27	42
SV Waregem	33	15	11	7	54	34	41
Beerschot	33	15	8	9	56	48	40
Beveren-Wass	33	13	13	7	34	21	39
Lierse SK	33	14	9	10	56	40	37
Standard	33	14	8	11	50	43	36
Antwerp	33	10	13	10	34	44	33
CS Bruges	33	9	13	11	40	44	31
Liege	33	10	10	13	50	58	30
FC Mechelen	34	9	9	16	41	58	27
AS Ostende	33	9	9	15	37	58	27
La Louvière	33	6	14	13	38	56	26
SC Charleroi	33	8	8	17	45	60	24
Beringen	33	7	10	16	25	48	24
Berchem Sport	34	4	11	19	21	54	19
Racing Mechelen	33	6	6	21	23	60	18

ITALY

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Torino	26	17	6	3	42	19	40
Juventus	26	16	6	4	39	23	38
Milan	26	14	7	5	36	18	35
Napoli	26	11	10	5	32	23	32
Inter	26	11	8	7	29	25	30
Cesena	26	8	13	5	34	29	29
Bologna	26	8	13	5	28	26	29
Perugia	26	9	9	8	28	28	27
Roma	26	6	11	9	23	24	23
Fiorentina	26	7	8	11	29	31	22
Verona	26	8	5	13	30	40	21
Sampdoria	26	6	8	12	17	27	20
Ascoli	26	4	12	10	17	31	20
Lazio	26	5	9	12	25	33	19
Como	26	3	10	13	21	31	16
Cagliari	26	3	9	14	19	41	15

AUSTRIA

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Austria/WAC	25	13	9	3	56	18	35
SW Innsbruck	25	14	6	5	52	24	34
Rapid	25	12	5	8	35	24	29
Aust. Salzburg	25	9	9	7	32	34	27
Admira/Wacker	25	9	7	9	35	38	25
Sturm Graz	25	8	7	10	28	31	23
VOeEst Linz	25	7	9	9	27	30	23
Grazer AK	25	7	7	11	22	42	21
Linzer ASK	25	5	8	12	26	43	18
Aust. Klagenfurt	25	4	7	14	15	44	15

SCOTLAND

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Rangers	32	21	6	5	57	24	48
Celtic	31	20	5	6	65	34	45
Hibernian	33	17	7	9	54	38	41
Motherwell	32	16	7	9	54	43	39
Aberdeen	33	10	10	13	46	45	30
Dundee United	32	11	7	14	43	45	29
Ayr United	32	12	5	15	39	51	29
Dundee	33	9	9	15	45	60	27
Hearts	31	9	8	14	33	45	26
St. Johnstone	33	2	4	27	27	78	8

EAST GERMANY

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Dynamo Dresden	22	15	5	2	56	21	35
Berlin Dynamo	22	14	2	6	55	21	30
Magdeburg	22	12	6	4	50	27	30
Lok. Leipzig	22	12	5	5	35	22	29
Carl Zeiss Jena	22	10	6	6	41	31	26
Chemie Halle	22	9	6	7	33	28	24
Rot-Weiss Erfurt	22	7	9	6	39	30	23
Wismut Aue	22	7	8	7	25	32	22
S'ring Zwickau	22	6	7	9	24	37	19
Karl-Marx-Stadt	22	6	6	10	23	38	18
Stahl Riesa	22	5	7	10	28	37	17
Vor. Frankfurt	22	6	3	13	37	55	15
Chemie Leipzig	22	3	5	14	19	51	11
Energie Cottbus	22	2	5	15	18	53	9

POLAND

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
GKS Tychy	24	12	8	4	33	24	32
Ruch Chorzow	24	10	11	3	29	17	31
Stal Mielec	24	10	9	5	35	21	29
Wisla Krakow	24	11	6	7	22	17	28
Widzew Lodz	24	8	11	5	28	22	27
Pogon Szczecin	24	11	4	9	37	30	26
Slask Wroclaw	24	10	6	8	32	28	26
Legia	24	10	4	10	36	40	24
ROW Rybnik	24	9	6	9	24	28	24
Gornik Zabrze	24	8	6	10	29	30	22
Lech Poznan	24	7	7	10	27	35	21
Zagl. Sosnowiec	24	8	4	12	26	33	20
Polonia Bytom	24	6	8	10	19	25	20
Szombierki Bytom	24	7	5	12	26	31	19
LKS Lodz	24	4	10	10	20	29	18
Stal Rzeszow	24	5	7	12	16	29	17

HOLLAND

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
PSV Eindhoven	29	21	4	4	79	24	46
Feyenoord	29	19	6	4	64	33	44
Twente Enschede	29	17	7	5	58	25	41
Ajax Amsterdam	29	17	7	5	61	31	41
Den Haag	29	14	6	9	59	36	34
NEC Nijmegen	29	10	14	5	35	30	34
Roda IC Kerkrade	29	11	10	8	35	27	32
AZ'67 Alkmaar	29	12	7	10	40	36	31
Telstar Velsen	29	7	13	9	40	42	27
De Graafschap	29	7	12	10	37	53	26
Sparta Rotterdam	29	6	13	10	27	36	25
Utrecht	29	7	9	13	32	52	23
NAC Breda	29	7	8	14	23	51	22
EEV Eindhoven	29	6	9	14	33	58	21
Amsterdam	29	6	8	15	33	45	20
GAE Deventer	29	4	12	13	33	54	20
MVV Maastricht	29	7	5	17	30	57	19
Excelsior	29	6	4	19	18	47	16

SPAIN

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Real Madrid	31	18	8	5	51	23	44
Atletico Madrid	31	17	6	8	59	36	40
Barcelona	31	16	6	9	56	39	38
Athletic Bilbao	31	13	10	8	39	33	36
Espanol Barcelona	31	16	3	12	43	43	35
Hercules Alicante	31	11	12	8	32	33	34
Sevilla	31	13	6	12	34	34	32
Racing Santander	31	14	3	14	42	49	31
Real Betis Sevilla	31	13	5	13	32	47	31
Real Sociedad	31	10	10	11	39	40	30
Salamanca	31	10	9	12	26	30	29
Valencia	31	10	8	13	38	39	28
Real Zaragoza	31	10	7	14	41	40	27
Las Palmas	31	11	5	15	36	42	27
Granada	31	8	10	13	27	44	26
Oviedo	31	10	4	17	37	42	24
Sporting	31	9	5	17	39	42	23
Elche	31	6	11	14	31	46	23

ENGLAND

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
Liverpool	41	22	14	5	63	30	58
Queen's PR	41	23	11	7	65	33	57
Manchester Utd	39	22	10	7	65	39	54
Leeds	40	21	9	10	64	42	51
Derby	40	20	11	9	68	53	51
Ipswich	41	16	14	11	52	42	46
Tottenham	41	14	15	12	63	60	43
Manchester City	40	15	11	14	61	43	41
Leicester	40	11	19	10	44	49	41
Middlesbrough	41	15	10	16	45	43	40
Norwich	41	15	10	16	56	58	40
Stoke	40	14	11	15	47	48	39
Everton	40	13	12	15	55	65	38
Coventry	41	12	14	15	44	56	38
Newcastle	41	14	9	18	68	62	37
Aston Villa	41	10	17	14	49	58	37
Arsenal	41	13	10	18	46	50	36
West Ham	41	13	10	18	48	69	36
Birmingham	41	13	6	22	56	74	32
Wolverhampton	41	10	10	21	50	65	30
Burnley	41	9	10	22	42	63	23
Sheffield Utd	41	6	9	26	32	18	21

GREECE

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts
PAOK Saloniki	25	17	7	1	44	12	41
AEK Athens	25	16	7	2	48	15	39
Olympiakos	25	13	9	3	35	19	35
Panathinaikos	25	11	8	6	37	24	30
Aris Saloniki	25	11	7	7	38	23	29
Iannina	25	12	5	8	32	28	29
Ethnikos	25	9	8	8	35	30	26
Iraklis	25	9	8	8	27	25	26
Atromit. Athens*	25	7	11	7	24	27	22
Pierikos	25	4	11	10	20	28	19
Panachaiki	25	5	9	11	18	31	19
Kastória	25	3	13	9	19	37	19
Panionios	25	5	8	12	13	33	18
Apollon Athens	25	4	9	12	21	37	17
Panaitolikos	25	2	10	13	11	30	14
Panseraikos	25	4	6	15	18	41	14

* Three points deducted

BRENDAN BRADLEY Finn Harps

World SOCCER

NORMAN HUNTER and **SAMMY McILROY**

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